



# Balmoral Hall

Volume 2  
1952



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# Balmoral Hall

(Formerly Riverbend and Rupert's Land Schools)

WINNIPEG



Residence and School Building



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Write to

The Head Mistress: Miss G. Murrell-Wright, B.A.

Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Manitoba



## EDITORIAL

**I**N CANADA our link with the monarchy has always been strong, but during the past few months this bond has become even more strong. The King's serious illness and his subsequent operation placed Royalty suddenly and dramatically in the forefront of our minds. Then during the Royal Tour of Canada when thousands in this country had the opportunity to see The Princess Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, many of us began to realize how strong are the "ties that bind" the monarchy and the Canadian people. Such a short time later, the world was shocked and saddened by the news that King George VI was dead. As has been said, the voice from Sandringham was silenced. Here was a man who had never expected to be King, but who gave his all to his country and his people during the troubled years of his reign. He was indeed a King to suit his times, and a man who will not soon be forgotten.

And now our Princess has become our Queen. She has stepped into a role developed through the centuries by her royal ancestors, a part now steeped in traditions which she must uphold, and yet to which she must give significance for the world of today. We have no doubt that Queen Elizabeth II will fulfill these obligations. Not only has she the shining example of her father before her but she has his strong sense of duty and a great depth of character of her own. In making her declaration of accession to the throne, Queen Elizabeth said in part: ". . . I shall always work as my father did throughout his reign to uphold constitutional government and to advance the happiness and prosperity of my peoples . . ."

The monarch in our time is no mere figurehead but serves as a symbol of the unity of the far flung regions of the British Empire. Canada as an integral part of the British Commonwealth of Nations then, has a very real link with the monarchy. The monarch is also a symbol of our democratic way of life—in which the individual is all-important but must work with others to maintain this system of government.

At Balmoral Hall we try to model ourselves on these same principles. Our school has had a definite pattern of development, but one only made possible by co-operative effort coupled with a strong school spirit. Although Balmoral Hall has a short history, yet even now, at the end of its second year, it has strong traditions—the best of these established at Rupert's Land and Riverbend. And besides these traditions from the past which serve as a guiding light, Balmoral Hall has set new precedents and established new traditions of its own. Thus at school we learn to pull together, to contribute to the common cause, and in this manner we put into actual practice one of the fundamentals of good citizenship. Once having grasped how to become good citizens of our country, we learn how as Canadians, we are part of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and owe allegiance to its head, the monarch.

And so, as we learn at school the importance of good citizenship and the democratic way of life, we realize our duties as Canadian citizens, and members of the great Commonwealth of Nations, and must pledge our loyalty to the crown so that this royal link, which binds us all together, may be strengthened.

Jane Gladstone,  
Editor.



—Photo by Baron

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II



BALMORAL HALL



Balmoral Hall,  
June, 1952.

My dear Girls:—

As you read this letter I want you to feel that it is a very personal letter from me to you. If it is to serve the purpose I have in mind it must of necessity be intimate in nature even though it will appear quite openly in your magazine. I write to you about your motto—*Meliora Petens*—and in this letter my special wish for you is that your motto may daily mean more and more to you even after you leave school. Whatever your age and grade read on and see what you can grasp of my wish for you.

*Meliora Petens*—Seeking Better Things. This is your motto. Have you realized the fulness of its meaning as it beckons you upwards and onwards? Are you "Seeking Better Things?" By the end of this school year, I want you to feel that you have grasped something of its great meaning. To do this some of you will need guidance and some of you will need encouragement.

If you are truly Seeking Better Things then you are developing the power to choose aright and this power to choose rightly depends on your sense of values. What do you value most highly? Is it a life of dreamful ease where you expect someone else to provide entertainment for your leisure time or do you look about for some useful form of activity feeling with Ulysses

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use"?

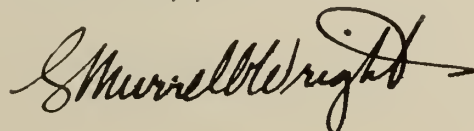
So many of life's tangible amusements are quite harmless but quite unsatisfying. Value them as a diversion but not as the main object in your life. Surely if you value happiness you will not be satisfied with pleasure. Therefore look about you for some form of activity where you can use your talents, great or small, to bring forth fruit.

If you are truly Seeking Better Things you will develop your power to value beautiful things which will provide you with lasting joy, and this power of appreciation of beautiful things will increase year by year if you nourish it. Seek beauty therefore in the sound of rustling leaves, in mist on a mountain top, in the wings of a butterfly, in art, in music and in books.

Some of you may crave admiration and feel that you are most happy if admired, but admiration if it is aroused by your successes or achievements may induce self-satisfaction. Perhaps popularity, a form of admiration may tempt you. But this too often demands a lowering of your standards and sometimes even a denial of the truth that is in you. If you find yourself seeking admiration or popularity think of your motto and seek something better—seek the love of a friend, for friendship, remember, gives as much as it receives. But you must learn to be a friend before you can make a friend, often sacrificing your wishes in order that hers may be fulfilled. And when your thoughts dwell on what you can do for others rather than on what others are thinking of you, you are truly Seeking Better Things and if friendship and service mean more to you than admiration and popularity, then will your life be rich indeed.

And so, my dear girls, if you will set your heart on activity rather than on ease, your life will be full of interesting things to do, interesting people to meet and interesting ideas to expand. If you will remember that trivial amusements are meant only for diversion, you will realize how necessary it is to increase your power to appreciate the lovely things that bring lasting happiness. If you will let service for others mean more to you than admiration and popularity, then will you discover the richness of friendship. And on this point I close, hoping that life holds for each of you the priceless gift of true friends, and knowing that by Seeking Better Things you will develop such nobility of nature and such enthusiasm for things great and good as will place you close beside those whose companionship will complete and enrich your lives.

Affectionately yours,





Cathy Young and Sandra Vincent

## *Head Girl's* **VALEDICTORY**

Dear Girls,

I have just been thinking about all that has happened since this time last year. Will you recall with me when we were struggling to follow a new pattern founded on the best traditions of Rupert's Land and Riverbend? Those were difficult times, but we have been rewarded by seeing our school gradually grow. This year we are trying to make it not just an institution of learning, but a place where we have that feeling of kinship—of belonging. Our crests

which we have just recently sewn on our tunics make us feel much more an integral part of Balmoral Hall, as do our School pins.

When we first begin School I don't think we fully realize the significance of our uniform and our crest,—although we are proud to wear them. I can remember strutting along the street in Grade One, my coat slung over my right arm, hoping that everybody would see my uniform. Yet I used to forget often in those first years, what I owed to my School. Gradually, however, we become willing to accept responsibility. We experience leadership by being class presidents and captains of junior teams; later we may become Heads of Houses or Prefects but even if we are not on the Student Council in our final year we should still set an example for the other members of the School. However, if we are prefects we have extra responsibility. When I found myself Head Girl of Balmoral Hall I realized that this year would be brimming with opportunities. I can honestly say that I have enjoyed it—everything from reading Bible passages at Prayers to asking fathers to put generous donations in the money bowl.

I have also realized that school is an invaluable experience. Perhaps if you don't agree with me now, you will when you are finishing in Grade Eleven or Twelve. Have you ever stopped to ask yourself just what you do learn at school—besides how to read and write? School equips us with so many intangible things that help to make us good citizens when we are no longer under its protective roof. We learn to be good sports in our games—winners or losers, to accept punishments, and to consider each other's feelings.

And so when I and all the other girls in Grade Eleven leave, we shall take with us what we have learned throughout these years at School. Most fresh in our minds, however, will be what we have gained this year. To Miss Murrell-Wright I would like to express our sincere thanks for all her help and for the many many things she has taught us. The Members of the Staff we shall always remember for their eagerness to help us and their interest in us.

As I say goodbye to all of you at Balmoral Hall, my hope is that your future years at School will be filled with good fun and all sorts of success. I wish the best of luck to next year's School Council, and to the third Head Girl of Balmoral Hall, I give my good wishes and hope that your year will be a rewarding one.

With love to you all,

Cathy





### THE PREFECTS

BACK ROW—Judy Carr, Jane Park, Ina Huehn, Pat Riley

FRONT ROW—Joey Adamson, Jane Gladstone, Lorna Craig, Cathy Young, Joan Sheppard,  
Joan Malaher.

### In Memoriam

## *Margaret Stovel McWilliams*

Mrs. McWilliams will long be remembered by Balmoral Hall for her great interest in Riverbend School for Girls and Rupert's Land Girls' School. One of a committee of three in 1929, she played an important part in establishing Riverbend School here in Sir James Aikins' home on these very grounds. Since that time her interest in Riverbend and in Rupert's Land has been a source of great strength.

In 1950 when the schools amalgamated and became Balmoral Hall, Mrs. McWilliams despite her numerous duties, continued to give her support as a member of our Ladies' Advisory Board. Her great interest in education and in the preparation of Canada's young people for responsibility was always stimulating.

At the Closing Exercises at both Schools for many years, and last June at our first Closing, Mrs. McWilliams presented a pin to the girl who showed the greatest qualities of leadership, unselfishness and courtesy. This presentation, always an awe-inspiring moment, was significant of her unfailing interest in youth. Indeed she will long be remembered by all at Balmoral Hall.



BACK ROW—Daphne Hanson, Shelagh Donegani, Ann Carroll, Joan Davidson, Nora Anne Richards, Martha Travers, Pat Riley, Ina Huehn, Honor Bonnycastle, Pat Benham, Jane Park.  
FRONT ROW—Carla Gustafson, Judy Carr, Joan Malaher, Jane Gladstone, Judy Patton, Joan Sheppard, Joey Adamson, Ada Rice.

## Magazine Executive, 1951 - 52

<i>Chief Editor</i> .....	Jane Gladstone
<i>Literary Editors</i> .....	Carla Gustafson, Judy Patton, Joan Sheppard
<i>Exchange Editor</i> .....	Lorna Craig
<i>Sports Editors</i> .....	Joey Adamson, Ann Jennings, Diana Nanton
<i>Art Supervisors</i> .....	Ina Huehn, Daphne Hanson
<i>Photography Supervisor</i> .....	Joan Malaher
<i>Advertising Managers</i> .....	Judy Carr, Ada Rice
<i>Business Managers</i> .....	Jane Park, Betty May Townsend

## Magazine Committee

Patricia Riley

Pat Benham  
Ann Carroll  
Joan Davidson  
Martha Travers

Shelagh Donegani  
Glen Murray  
Nora Anne Richards  
Honor Bonnycastle

# The Royal Visit

The Royal Visit was eagerly anticipated at Balmoral Hall. A competition in the Senior School for the best letter of greeting to the Royal Couple was won by Dawna Duncan, Grade IX, a boarder from Norquay, Saskatchewan. We obtained permission from Ottawa to send this letter to Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth. It was written by hand on special note-paper bearing the School crest in gold. Imagine the excitement of everyone later on, when a letter was received at the School bearing the post mark of the Royal Train. Our letter had really been received and we are proud to have a most gracious reply, part of which reads as follows:

"The Princess was so interested to hear about the history of your school and that it has celebrated its first anniversary this year. Her Royal Highness sends her best wishes for many more successful years."

A full day's holiday was given in honour of the royal visit. The boarders saw the Princess twice on the city tours, and again at the Command Performance of the Ballet in the evening.



Balmoral Hall,  
October 1951

Your Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth:

The Staff and pupils of Balmoral Hall are pleased and greatly honoured to welcome you and the Duke of Edinburgh to Winnipeg. Our city, often called the Gateway to the West, will give you your first glimpse of the prairie with its broad expanse of golden wheat fields and undulating plains. Together with all Canadians who have long awaited this visit, we greet you and hope that you will like our country.

We all realize that your programme is filled to capacity and that you may not have time to see our school although we are not far from Government House. We are so near to you that from our playing fields, which at this time are aglow with the many-hued colours of Autumn, we are able to catch a glimpse of the golden boy on the dome of the Parliament Buildings.

It is a great privilege on our first anniversary to send this greeting to you. Last year our school, opening its gates for the first time, was given the name Balmoral Hall. It was named this in honour of the royal residence, Balmoral Castle. Balmoral Hall, just as the castle, is situated on a river. The river is the meandering Assiniboine whose sloping banks and old trees add a gentle beauty to our grounds. Also in keeping with our Scottish title are our House names — names possibly familiar to your Royal Highness: Braemar House, after the Aberdeenshire town, Ballater after the village, Craig Gowan after the rocky hill, and Glen Gairn after the valley.

On our grey tunics we wear our School crest signifying wisdom and power. The motto in the crest is *Meliora Petens*—Seeking Better Things. This is Balmoral Hall's main purpose for better things are sought in our studies, in our games and in all our activities.

It may interest you to know that last year our Head Mistress wrote to Buckingham Palace for permission to use the Balmoral tartan for our school ties. The reply explained that the Balmoral tartan is used exclusively by the Royal Family and we could appreciate this. However, in this letter of explanation His Majesty sent greetings to us and we were delighted to receive such an honour. We were deeply grieved by His Majesty's recent illness and we pray for his speedy recovery.

Again, welcome to Canada, welcome to Manitoba, welcome to Winnipeg and may you enjoy the remainder of your visit and so carry back to England happy memories of this great country of ours.

Yours sincerely,

Balmoral Hall



### DENTISTS

I am sure that I will not meet with a great deal of opposition when I say that a dentist is not a popular man. Yet in the summing up, it is seen that a dentist must have most of the merits which men long to possess. For what man must be so meticulously groomed, so gentle, so cautious,—and above all so patient—as a dentist? Why then, if most dentists—(I won't say all)—possess these characteristics, do we, at their mention, instinctively feel a strong desire to grab our hats and "high-tail it" for the South Pacific?

I think in recalling one's first visit to the dentist's office, the question could be partially answered. All is pleasant in the comfortably furnished waiting room, but when that figure clad in spotless white, summons you into the dentist's office—oh, then comes the shock. Not even the bland smile of the dentist can remove your fixed gaze from that hideous, spidery paraphernalia of wires, screws and other mysterious fixtures,—poised like a panther over the chair. When one obeys the order to sit in the chair, it seems utter suicide. The dentist then draws up a stool and perches on it. Using all his knowledge of psychology, he attempts to draw your mind away from your present situation, by trying to discuss the weather, school, and other well-exhausted subjects. But he tries in vain, for how could you possibly forget the state of affairs with a long needle picking, sawing, and hewing at your teeth. After going through this procedure, the dentist has persuaded himself that he has found a cavity. Such cavities are produced with great rapidity and it is no wonder, for what better living could one earn than by discovering cavities at two dollars each? I also have reason to believe that dentists make part of their living by charging for appointments missed.

Although doctors are said to do the same thing, I fail to see them in the same light. Perhaps it is because my grandfather was a member of this noble profession, and the severest case he ever had to remedy for me was a head cold. He wrote out the prescription and I, with great importance, read what it ordered. "One large apple. If nose gives trouble during the night, sing first and third verses of 'Ho, Boys, Here we are again.'" This prescription was a remarkable success. If a dentist advised me to brush my teeth once more each day, or to eat a large crust of stale brown bread, chewing on each side of my mouth twenty-five times, I would be far more likely to follow his directions, than if he recommended the newest brand of decay-preventing toothpaste.

Unless the dentist changes during the next half century, I think the bravest of mankind will continue to falter outside his office. I have been

told that even a man such as Winston Churchill, who faced Hitler during the war with courage and confidence, thinks of the dentist with dismay and dread. If a man such as he is unable to bear the dentist, what hope is there for you and me?

Cathy Young,  
Grade XI.

### BOARDERS' MOVIES

We have been indebted this year to Mr. Vaughan who has often supplied us with films on a Friday night. These movies have made our weekends much more enjoyable than they would otherwise have been.

One Friday evening, teachers, prefects, day students and boarders gathered in the drawing-room to see a Christmas movie—"The Miracle on 34th Street." On another Friday evening, the drawing-room was crowded with girls who wanted to see again "Great Expectations" and still later in the term we saw "The Bells of St. Mary's."

It is fortunate that we have our own projector at Balmoral Hall. We take this opportunity to thank all those people who have contributed to the success of these Friday evenings.

Nancy Ann Green,  
Grade IX.

### YOUNG CANADA'S BOOK WEEK

The week from November 11th to the 18th was observed throughout all Canada as Young Canada's Book Week. Dr. Margaret McWilliams of Government House was the patroness of the Book Week. In an article for the Canadian Library Bulletin she wrote:

"In the pursuit of knowledge, or of new experiences, there is no substitute for books."

In Winnipeg, there were attractive posters and book displays in the public libraries. In Balmoral Hall there was a poster in the school library. Lists were placed in each classroom—one for students to indicate some book read with enjoyment since September, 1951, and a second sheet on which to place suggestions for books for the school library. During Book Week we discussed books in our English classes, and considered the use that can be made of libraries and especially of our school library.

Jane Gladstone,  
Grade XI.



#### BALLATER HOUSE—L. CRAIG, HEAD

BACK ROW—Diana Duncan, J. Davidson, P. Clark, F. Macfarland, B. M. Ormiston.  
 SECOND ROW—J. Steward, S. Moore, M. Edmonds, Dawna Duncan, G. Brooking.  
 THIRD ROW—S. J. Service, M. Ross, D. Phipps, E. Thomson, P. Busby.  
 FOURTH ROW—A. Brumell, S. Kelsey, J. Mathewson, M. Hunt, B. Atkin.  
 FRONT ROW—M. Ford, D. Duncanson, D. Mathewson, G. Allman.  
 ABSENT—B. M. Townsend, P. Perrin, G. Kilgour, G. McLean, R. Lynde.

#### BALLATER HOUSE

This year Ballater extended a warm welcome to its new girls, Diana Mathewson, Dinny Phipps, Jane Mathewson, Maureen Hunt, Daphne Duncanson, Sandra Jean Service, Shelagh Kelsey, Maureen Ford and Jennifer Steward.

We began our sports activities with a Track and Field Competition in which we were especially proud of Dawna Duncan and Elaine Thomson who captured the Intermediate and Junior Championships, respectively. Through our volleyball team's keen sense of interest we placed a very close second in the house championship. We placed first in the speed skating races with Mary Ross and Gail Allman carrying off honours. We also did exceptionally well in the Ping Pong Tournament, to which a great deal of the credit goes to Muriel Edmonds who won the Senior Championship and to Gail Brooking who won the Intermediate Championship. In the two Penny Races, in the fall and the spring for the Community Chest and the Red Cross, respectively, Ballater came out on top both times thanks to the great enthusiasm of the House. Everyone was very keenly interested in the Photography Contest and helped to gain points for the house by their many contributions.

Towards the end of February we enjoyed an exciting and invigorating Tally-ho through the park, and then we went back to Elaine Thomson's for hot dogs and cokes. We are indeed grateful to Mrs. Thomson for her kind hospitality on that occasion.

We still have house-basketball matches to play, to which I am sure you have been looking forward since the beginning of the year.

At this point I would like to thank our staff members, Miss Dickson, Miss Hawkes and Mrs. Coulter who have helped us a great deal throughout the year. I would also like to thank Joan Davidson our Sport's Captain, Frances Macfarland our secretary, and Betty-Mae Townsend our uniform monitress, for their understanding and continued support.

Lastly I would like to thank all of you for the privilege of being your House Head this year. I feel that we have great house spirit, which has been shown to me on numerous occasions and of which I am very proud. I wish every success to our new Head and I am sure she will receive the same fine sportsmanship and energy that you have given to me all this year.

Lorna Craig.



### BALMORAL HALL'S MENAGERIE

Pete and Repeat are two turtles that belong to Nancy Ann Green. Nancy brought them back with her in September to give an official beginning to Balmoral Hall's Menagerie.

The next addition came in October, to wit, a cat. It, rather he, followed some boarders to school, when they were returning from the Command Performance of the Winnipeg Ballet Company. He was named naturally enough, Philip, (it would have been Elizabeth otherwise) and he became a very much beloved pet.

The next addition did not stay very long, fortunately! They were bees, which Miss Sharman brought to show the Science classes, three of these being particularly noted for escaping from their box and flying down the basement corridor, much to the consternation of the lunch lines. They were rescued without damage to anyone, or themselves, and were safely restored to their box.

The most recent addition has been Pongo. Pongo is Sue Carnegie's little black cocker spaniel, who arrived with Sue after Christmas. Pongo was petted and fed, and was generally made a fuss over by everyone. Philip merely tolerated her, which was very good of him.

What with turtles, cats, bees and dogs, I hardly think the girls would be surprised if Carol Cross brought her horse to school, or would they?

Eirene Landon,  
Grade IX

### VALENTINE DANCE

The main event for the seniors after Christmas was our Valentine Dance, "Cupid's Capers", held on Saturday evening, February 16th, in the school gymnasium. There were red pillars of crepe paper decorated with cupids and hearts which hung from the tops of the windows to the floor, and also red and white streamers, between which hung rows of multi-coloured balloons.

The music was supplied by Eaton's Junior Council Executive Bandbox. All the latest records were played and to these we danced spot dances, broom dances and just ordinary dances.

In the gaily-decorated school dining-room soft drinks, sandwiches, doughnuts and cookies were enjoyed.

Naturally the most outstanding event of the dance was the dismantling of the balloons. Confusion and destruction reigned as everyone scrambled for at least one balloon. Footsore but very contented everyone agreed that the evening had been a great success. Moreover, from the proceeds of this dance we were able to make a contribution towards furnishing the new Senior School Common Room.

Lorna Craig,  
Grade XI.

### THE WAVES

"The Waves" by Virginia Woolf is, without doubt, the most unusual book I have ever read, not in plot but in style and thought. The emphasis in this novel is not on story, but on the interpretation of the author's view of life.

The book has six main characters—Bernard, Louis, and Neville; Susan, Rhoda and Jinny—and is a sort of biography of all six characters, of how their differences in personality developed and led them on separate roads through life. Perhaps I should say autobiography, for one of the peculiarities of style in the book is that it is written from beginning to end in the first person—quotation—with the six characters taking turns in telling, in a meditative fashion as a rule, of their feelings and moods and their various outlooks on life and people. All this is written in an impressionistic style—vivid and modern—which, although hard at first to take in large doses, soon becomes a part of one, and lifts one up and over into the mood of the book.

The book is divided into several sections, each preceded by a sort of prologue. The life( or lives) of the six characters is likened to a day on a shore by the sea, and each section or stage in their lives is a stage in the day's progress. The first section's prologue describes dawn as the sun is just coming up over the horizon, but as yet everything is dusky, indistinct and still. This depicts the first stage in their lives, their early childhood, the dawn of life, so to speak. In this part the children are all playing in a large, treed garden in the morning before lessons, and from the text we understand, as throughout the book, what is going on—we gather the story (what there is of it) from their speeches, although it is never told in direct form. In the next section, both the sunrise and the lives of the characters having progressed a bit farther, the children are sent away to school for the first time, and life begins to take on a new meaning. In the next part, as depicted by the further rise of the sun and the increasing pitch of the drama, as the waves come crashing and rolling on to the beach with greater force, the six people, now men and women, leave school and set out into the world on their own, their characters meanwhile having become quite distinct. Bernard, for example, is poetic, Louis becomes a banker, Jinny becomes a fashionable figure of society, and Susan remains a rather countrified, nature-loving type of person. At the end of the book, Death comes at last, as the sun sinks below the horizon, leaving the world in darkness,—and "The waves broke on the shore."

Although I personally do not always agree with Virginia Woolf's philosophy of life—I think she makes it appear unnecessarily hopeless, dreary and tragic—I do think she has a wonderful gift



for making use of words, and her style is quite enchanting. All in all, "The Waves" is a fascinating book—a new and intriguing experience in modern literature.

Ann Jennings,  
Grade XI.

### SABIN PIERRE

(Prize-Winning story)

When Sabin Pierre Beaumont first came to our school he was the immediate centre of attraction.

We had been hearing quite a bit about Mr. Beaumont and his grandson for the past few weeks. Mr. Beaumont had bought the old Haver House, a big, ramshackle barn of a house, about half a mile from our farm. Not many people move into our town, so the Beaumonts' arrival was quite an event.

I rode into the school yard on a strawberry-coloured mare, that had a creamy mane and tail. She was taller than most horses that we rode to school, about fifteen and a half hands high. The mare, Faiz-Ullah, stood in the little clearing in front of the school champing on her bit and tossing her head, like a fiery Arabian steed in one of the stories in our reader.

Sabin Pierre sat easily in his saddle, looking down on us all with a quiet, searching glance. He had a quiet air about him—very—dignified, almost, but his snapping black eyes showed a hidden recklessness. He wasn't different from the rest of us, a bit handsomer, perhaps, but he stood out.

He swung out of the saddle and started towards the shed, all eyes upon him. He rubbed Faiz-Ullah down, then turned her loose in the little field next to the school-house, and started back into school. All that time, with seventy piercing eyes upon him, he never made any move that betrayed his awareness of our presence. It was almost as if he were used to being the centre of attraction.

In school, Sabin Pierre outshone us all. He soon headed the class, but he never got the nicknames "Brain" or "Teacher's Pet." He held himself aloof from the rest of us, not above us, just apart.

Summer, for me, started out pretty dull. There weren't many kids around our farm, so all I could see ahead was work.

I was sitting on the fence behind the barn, listening to the crickets chirping in the long grass at my feet. A hot haze had settled over everything, making me feel lazy.

I was surprised to hear hoof-beats on the west road behind me. In a moment Sabin Pierre reined Faiz-Ullah to a stop beside me.

"Hello, Kim. Are you doing anything much to-day?"

"'Lo, Sabin Pierre. I haven't much to do. Why?"

"Because I'd like you to go swimming with me, down by the old covered bridge."

"Be with you in a sec."

That swim started a friendship between the three of us, Sabin Pierre, Faiz-Ullah and myself. We were together most of the summer, and I grew to like them an awful lot.

Sabin Pierre was a very good artist. He painted Faiz-Ullah, and gave the picture to me. There was a portrait of his grandfather he had done, which hung over the mantelpiece in the Beaumonts' parlour. It was as good as any I'd ever seen, and it was one of Grand'pere Beaumont's prize possessions.

Sabin Pierre was a musician, too. He played the violin. I heard him once, playing a gypsy melody, which thrilled me and made me listen.

One day, towards the end of August, Sabin Pierre came running over to our place.

"Kim, Kim!"

"What's up? Has the colt come?" Faiz-Ullah was due to have a foal that month.

"Yes!" He ran off and in two minutes I caught up with him.

The foal came that afternoon, a little bay horse-colt. But Faiz-Ullah grew sick. Pneumonia. She was sick for two weeks, and during that time Sabin Pierre never left her side. He grew thin and weak and neither Grand'pere Beaumont nor I could persuade him to leave.

When Faiz-Ullah died, Sabin Pierre left the stable for the first time. He ran down the path into the woods. I ran after him, trying to keep up. I kept him in sight until I came to the cross-roads. I was just wondering which path to take, when I heard a scream coming from the left, where the marsh began.

When I reached the marsh, I looked around wildly for him. Then, near the middle of the marsh, I saw a ring of bubbles rising to the surface.

Across the middle of the marsh, was a series of hillocks leading to the other side. I saw shoe prints on the first two, then the bubbles.

You know the sort of devil-may-care feeling you get when you have been hurt. I knew Sabin Pierre had felt that way. On top of that, he was very reckless, always doing dangerous stunts, for fun.

I have two remembrances of that summer. A picture of a strawberry coloured mare with a creamy mane and tail and a little bay horse-colt. I named him Sabin Pierre.

Eirene Landon,  
Grade IX.



### BRAEMAR HOUSE—I. Huehn, Head

LEFT ROW—P. Riley, J. Hoare, M. Thornton, G. L. Cornell, P. Benham, G. Macdonald, A. Carroll.

MIDDLE ROW—J. McDiarmid, O. Rudd, L. Paddon, D. Richardson, M. Dick, J. Savage, C. Nixon.

RIGHT ROW—N. Eaton, H. Wilmot, S. Dick, F. Wilson, S. Blanchard, S. Hoyle, B. Hoare, G. Murray, J. Malaher, J. Adamson.

ABSENT—R. Gonick, E. Protheroe, C. Cross, M. Stephenson, A. Connacher, M. Cooper.

### BRAEMAR HOUSE

In Braemar House this year there has been enthusiastic spirit shown in sports and academic work. It has proved worth while because Braemar's thermometer has been pushed up steadily.

Field day this year was a great success and brought top honours to our House. Outstanding entries in the field day were, Joey Adamson, Mary Thornton, Greta Lynne Cornell and Hope Wilmot. Also in the first term we had a penny race for the Red Feather campaign. We placed third in the volleyball inter-house games this year and I would like to thank Gail Macdonald, our Sports Captain, and all the team members for their help and support. When all the points were added at the end of the first term Braemar had come out on top.

At the beginning of the next term there was the Ping Pong Tournament in which members of our house did well—Beryl Hoare winning the

Junior Championship. The skating races proved to be exciting and invigorating. Although we did not do so well we all had fun.

During this summer term we can look forward to a House Picnic and the Lilac-Mission Tea. There will be other events also during this term which will need the support of everyone.

I would like to thank Mrs. McEwen and Miss Inglis for their ever willing advice and help during this year. I would also like to thank Joan Malaher and Pat Riley, our house prefects, for their help in all our projects and to Ann Carroll a special thanks for doing a wonderful job as secretary.

Although we cannot all come first in our class or come first in a race we can all do our bit for our House and you all have proved this so wonderfully with your support and enthusiasm. Good luck, Braemar in all you do next year.

Ina Huehn.

## THE CONSERVATIVES ARE IN

(Class Essay)

In British post-war elections, Prime Minister Winston Churchill and his Conservative Party were defeated with a large majority, by Mr. Attlee's Labour Party. Grateful for victory but nursing prewar grievances against the Tories and the upper classes, the majority of the British turned away from Churchill to the brave new world of Socialism. But that world, hopefully launched, gradually became water-logged and hopelessly bogged down in economic and social problems. The Labour Party found it increasingly difficult to solve these problems. For one thing they were becoming more complex each day, and for another, Labour was losing its best leaders, such as Ernest Bevin who died, and Sir Stafford Cripps, who wore himself out. Prime Minister Attlee, himself, was badgered by Tories in front of him, by crises and muddle around him, and by Aneurin Bevan on his flank. Churchill, trying to oust Labour during the national mix-up, last year, was narrowly defeated. Two weeks ago he was narrowly victorious.

Within twenty-four hours of his return to power, Mr. Churchill had chosen the key men in his cabinet. As he had done during World War II, he kept for himself the portfolio belonging to the Minister of Defence. To his "trusted deputy"—Sir Anthony Eden, he gave the office of Foreign Secretary. Sir Anthony Eden was also created deputy Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons. Richard Butler was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Ismay,—Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, Oliver Lyttleton,—Colonial Secretary. Sir Walter Monckton was made Minister of Labour, and to Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, a Scot, Churchill assigned the post of Home Secretary and also Minister for Welsh Affairs. Such hard-headed competent Conservative administration as Churchill deputies now offer Britain, should bolster her tottering finances at home and strengthen her relations abroad.

Tory policy has long stressed the necessity of a sound economy. It has been announced that once more, drastic measures must be taken in order to meet Britain's economic crisis. It is believed that Churchill intends to decrease the value of the pound one more degree. However, no changes in economic policy are expected as yet, because Churchill is planning a meeting with United States Officials in which he will probably try to work out some trade arrangement more permanent and constructive than just a straight loan. It is also said that when Churchill meets President Truman in January, they will discuss possibilities of Churchill's arranging a talk with Joseph Stalin; also Churchill wants the United States to play some

part in the Middle East crisis. It is hoped that these Anglo-American conferences will promote more harmony between the two countries. What the Conservative Government really wants is an examination of the whole world picture, in order to give Britain a chance to get back on her own feet.

Thus we see that the Conservatives have not only to better their position in England, but more important still, to get Britain on a strong economic basis, and to iron out her many problems having to do with foreign relations. Whether Prime Minister Churchill and his Tory Government will succeed in the great task that lies before them, remains to be seen. Perhaps we can feel somewhat optimistic about the matter after reading what Churchill told a group of Britons in Abbey House two weeks ago. He said, "There lies before us now a difficult time, a hard time. I have no hesitation in saying that I've seen worse and had to face worse. But I do not doubt we shall come through, because we shall use not only our party forces, but a growing sense of the need to put Britain back in her place—a need which burns in the hearts of men far beyond these shores."

Cathy Young,  
Grade XI.

## NO LABOUR, NO BREAD

The deep red sun sank below the horizon. A caravan moved slowly across the sandy desert. It carried many rich things from the markets of the Far East. The silence of the twilight was disturbed only by the moaning of the rusty wheels.

Suddenly the dense atmosphere was pierced by loud blood-curdling cries. Horses' hooves thundered across the plain. Dark sinister forms shot out of the shadows with their long swords raised.

It was all over in a minute. The merchants had been spared their lives but their caravan had been looted and every costly thing stolen.

The robbers rode away defiantly. Their leader, Mourfir, a bold bedouin, rode on his fiery little desert mare Keshia. She too was pleased with their escapade. Her large eyes glowed with satisfaction and she proudly tossed her black mane in the breeze.

The same night the thieves divided their loot. Tomorrow they would go to Bagdad. In Bagdad they would sell their riches. But now they must sleep.

Allah, the merciful, had been very good to them that day.

Dorothy Richardson,  
Grade VIII.



### GLORIOUS AND FREE

Marta Haun and her mother stood on the deck of the noisy immigrants' ship as it nosed its way into the Halifax harbour. Marta was fourteen, but you would never have known it. She was slight and small, and had blond hair and blue eyes. Her mother was blond, too, but she was a sturdier woman. Both bespoke their Latvian ancestry. While the boat was moving into its berth, Marta was busy taking in everything that lay before her. Somehow, she had expected Canada to be different, a sort of milk and honey paradise, instead of this dirty, noisy place which reminded her of European ports she had seen.

No matter how unpleasant all the noise and business, Marta wished she were a part of it. She knew she was going to be lonely in this new land, and she told her mother so.

"Never mind, my child, someday we will belong to all this. Someday we will be real Canadians."

In her mind, Marta doubted it, but she kept silent. After much jostling and groaning the boat docked and the passengers gathered up their luggage in preparation for the customs inspections. All the immigrants were herded into a large room, patrolled by three men in blue uniforms. Marta eyed them suspiciously. They were men in uniforms such as these who had taken her young artist father away, that day eight summers ago. For most of her young life, Marta had lived in fear of uniforms. However, the officers did not seem to be bothering themselves too much with the silent people, who sat in awe and fear on the hard wooden benches. An hour they waited, two hours, then suddenly they heard names being called over a loudspeaker system. Individuals and families were called up for inspection of papers and passports.

At last the name "Haun" echoed through the room. Marta and her mother rose and hurried to the officials. As they were examining the baggage, one of the officials motioned to Marta to open the basket she was clutching. Marta shrank back, but he reached out towards it. Reluctantly Marta opened the basket exposing a fat, grey cat.

"I'm sorry, you can't take that with you. You'll have to leave it here for quarantine. Give it here, please."

He raised his voice, and Marta burst into tears. What was this stranger jabbering about? She was frightened, and not knowing what else to do, she handed the basket to her mother, who promptly gave it to the Inspector, as she apologized profusely in French, German, Latvian and English.

When they finally left the office, they were taken to the Immigration Hall, where they were kept for three days until they began their train

trip to London, Ontario. Mrs. Haun was to do domestic work for a Mrs. Jordan in London.

When they boarded the shabby train, Marta looked in wonder at the long cars, and double seats. Never had she seen so much room in a train.

It was during this train ride that Marta got her first real glimpse of Canadian life. She looked enviously at the happy children who waved as the train passed their farm homes. In one station where they stopped, Marta spied a little girl in a gay turquoise dress, and . . . oh, will wonders never cease! She had on red slippers, with a tiny strap buckled around her ankle. Marta looked with shame at her thick-soled black boots, which came up above her ankles, and looked overly heavy at the base of her pitifully thin legs.

At the end of their journey Marta and her mother had name tags clipped on them, and in the large station-waiting room they were greeted by a kind lady in a grey uniform, who found Mr. Jordan for them. He was pleasant looking, but he seemed very shy.

"Well, here are your new Canadians, Mr. Jordan. Take good care of them, and we'll get in touch with you tomorrow."

Mr. Jordan helped them into his big, black car, and they rode through the pleasant streets in silence. They pulled up in front of a spacious white clapboard house.

"Well, Mrs. Haun, this is your new home. Do you think you'll like it? You do speak English, don't you?"

"Ya, I speak it a little. But not so good. Maybe we speak Francais together?"

"Well, my French is not too good, but my wife speaks it fluently."

They reached the door then, and a short, plump, rosy-faced woman stood smiling at them. She welcomed them warmly, and ushered them to their rooms upstairs on the third floor. They were pleasant and comfortable, but Marta sat gingerly on the edge of the bed and said softly, "Mama, it is so nice. But I do not feel as if I belong in the midst of all this comfort." This was spoken in German, as that was the language she and her mother always used in their conversations. Mrs. Haun looked unhappy at Marta's remark, but she said nothing.

Life went along very pleasantly for several months. Marta helped her mother, and played with her pussy, which had been released from quarantine by this time. Then, as if a gun had sounded in her ear, Marta heard Mrs. Jordan say one day that it was high time Marta started school. Marta could not object out loud, but inside a storm boiled up. Canadian children had such lovely clothes, and looked so happy. One could not help but envy them from a distance, but oh!

To be flung in among them! Why, it was more than anyone should be asked to bear!

Nevertheless, Marta was marched off to school the next day, and put into a Grade Five class because during the past five or six years she had had nothing but a rather sketchy type of education. Also, the principal thought this unhappy-looking child would get along better with younger, more tolerant children.

As she entered the bright room full of laughing, talking children, Marta could feel herself blush, right from the top of her severely-pigtailed head to the soles of her thick boots, which had been carefully polished for the occasion. In her right hand she clutched a shiny new red pencil that Mr. Jordan had given her that morning. The fingers of her other hand were closed tightly around a rolled-up exercise book, filled with more clean white paper than Marta had ever seen in one place before.

Miss Murphy, the smiling teacher, came towards her, hoping fervently that her face did not betray the feeling of utter pity that she felt for this spotlessly clean but much patched little figure. She took Marta by the hand, and led her to a back seat. Then she held up her hand for silence. "Children, this is Marta. She is one of our new Canadians. You must help make her feel that she belongs here with us."

Marta thought, again, that she could never belong to this country. She was too different from these other children. However, it was not up to her to say anything, so she sat patiently through that day, and through the days that followed and lengthened into weeks. She understood very little of what was being said, but one word she had known right from the beginning was "pantomime." The class were putting on "Aladdin's Lamp" in a few weeks, and everyone was busy rehearsing or painting scenery for it.

One day Marta stayed late at school to tidy out her desk. The children were painting backdrops for the pantomime, and Marta stood watching them for a while, in silence. Then, without realizing it, she burst out with, "That is good, but you have not enough red and black. My father painted some scenes like that. If you let me show you . . ." She stopped herself, aghast at her boldness. They would think her rude, or they would laugh at her. There was silence in the room, because everyone was startled to hear anything from this silent little girl. Miss Murphy came quickly to the rescue.

"Well, give Marta your brush, Janet. Come, Marta, and show us what you mean."

Marta advanced reluctantly, and took the brush, which she dipped into the large jar of red paint. A dab of red here, perhaps outline this in black . . . there, it looked better already.

Marta was overcome by her shyness then and she put down the brush and started towards the door. She found her way blocked by a short little dark-haired girl, whom Marta had heard Miss Murphy call Margaret.

"Don't go now Marta. If you really have to leave, maybe you could come early tomorrow morning and help us?"

Marta nodded, and Margaret went on. "You live in Mrs. Jordan's house, don't you? I know where it is. I'll call for you at a quarter after eight. O.K.?"

Again Marta nodded, and backed out of the room, beaming all the way. Once outside the school, she started to skip, and then to run. She ran all the way home. She flung open the gate, danced up the walk, flew up the steps and raced breathlessly in through the open door.

"Mama," she cried. "Mama, where are you, Oh, Mama, listen to me. I belong now, to Canada, and to the school, just like Miss Murphy and the other children."

It had been so long since Mrs. Haun had heard her daughter laugh that she mistook her shouts for crying. She rushed downstairs, but halted as she heard what it was all about and saw the breathless, happy little figure framed in the doorway. Beyond her she saw not just a path and a garden and a gate, but all of the wonderful, free Canada, beckoning to her child, offering her security and happiness and a future. What else could anyone want? Especially a newcomer, who had no right to expect anything at all from Canada, as far as Mrs. Haun could see, except the privilege of living there.

Mrs. Haun smiled, and then she spoke slowly. "I'm glad you belong, Marta. Canada is as they sing, glorious and free. And it is up to you to make Canada a better place for your having lived in it."

Marta listened, then smiled, and turned back to the garden. Her mother heard her a few minutes later, under the kitchen window.

"Now, fat pussy, I want to tell you something. I belong to Canada, and it is glorious and free. I don't quite know what that means but . . . Pussy! Don't go to sleep! Listen to me. I must make Canada a better place for my having lived in it. Don't you understand? Don't you care? I belong!"

Joan Davidson,  
Grade X.

MRS. MCEWEN: What is the most important thing about the Mississippi River?

MYRTLE: Water!



**CHURCHILL**

(Class Essay)

Winston Churchill, of English and American parentage, was born prematurely on November 30, 1874, and was thereupon dubbed "Young Man in a Hurry." As a child and through later life, he hated mathematics and Latin, but loved English and French. At the age of seven, he was sent to St. James School. Once in Latin class, his headmaster ordered him to learn to decline "mensa." Winnie, in distaste looked at the various cases, until he came to the vocative—mensa—O, table. Not understanding this, he asked the meaning of it. The reply was, that here was the expression that he must use when addressing a table. Young Winston replied that he was not in the habit of addressing tables. The master, wishing to discipline him, caned him. The enraged Winston then snatched the man's hat, and kicked it to pieces. This brought on another caning. A little later, he was expelled from school.

Although he could never do mathematics or Latin, he could read a stanza of poetry once or twice, and it was fixed in his memory for ever! For a few years, he was given private lessons. Then he was sent to Harrow, where he just managed to squeeze through the entry exams. At the end of the year, his marks were the lowest in the school. His father, a pacifist, was even more disappointed in him, when he announced his desire to go to Sandhurst, a military college. Winston's plans were to become a soldier, and later a politician. His third attempt at the entry exams here brought success, but by only a lucky chance. Once in Sandhurst, he enjoyed himself very much, for he did not need algebra to become a daredevil in a saddle, and he ended up eighth in a class of one hundred and fifty. He then got a commission in the Fourth Hussars. Then his father died. His father had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he had died because of the strong opposition he had plus his weak health. From then on, Winston Churchill knew his life-work—to fight against England's enemies within and without.

With the Fourth Hussars, he went to India. In one of their battles with the Mamuds, "a tribe utterly pestilential in their cruelty," one of his comrades fell as they were retreating down a slope. Churchill leapt down from his horse and tried to carry his friend off. Finding himself surrounded, he took out his revolver. It balked. He snatched an abandoned rifle lying on the ground and fired, twenty, thirty, forty rounds. In the end, Churchill walked down the deserted hill, carrying his friend! He seemed to have a charmed life, as his friends commented, and this charm carried him through several other campaigns in

India, in the Soudan, South Africa, and everywhere else. Where the thickest fighting was, there was Churchill. During the Boer war, he was captured but later escaped. But, he also knew his worth, for once, as a war correspondent, he wrote a glowing account about—"the courage and resolution of Lieutenant Winston Churchill, of the Fourth Hussars."

When war was over he tried for Parliament. His second attempt got him in, and to raise money, he toured Canada and the United States, giving talks on his adventures. He tried out several of the parties, Liberal, Conservative, Whig, Tory, Labour—he did not care which, as long as he was doing something for England. In 1905, he became Under-Secretary for the Colonies and in this position he won the liking of "men of all colour and creeds." In 1908, at the age of 34 he was married and quoting his own words, he "married and lived happily ever after." In 1911 he became first Lord of the Admiralty. He saw the need of making more ships and supplies, for he saw the approaching war. But England's pacifists had their way, and though England's navy was pretty well prepared at the outbreak of the war, her army wasn't. In 1915, he was discharged, and so he joined the army again.

During the years between the wars, he was rather unpopular. In this time, he wrote and painted and led rather a leisurely life "dreaming happily of the day when he would come back." H. G. Wells once wrote of him—"Mr. Churchill believes quite naively that he belongs to a peculiarly gifted and privileged class of beings"—but this was rather unfair, because, although he had his share of egotism, his chief interest was in the welfare of England.

Before World War II began, as early as 1932, Churchill saw Hitler's threat to Europe, and he warned England of it. But, England slept and called him, "A fire-eater, doesn't know what he's thinking of," while Hitler went on making his plans to conquer Europe. And, in 1939, England turned panic-stricken to Churchill. With him leading, England followed; and in him, Hitler had met his master.

We all know what Churchill accomplished in World War II. But, in the elections after the war, Churchill lost out to Labour. Now he is back there fighting. Mark Twain once called him the perfect man in jest, but this turned out to be a prophecy, for he has come pretty close to being a perfect man. He brought England through the war years, and if anyone is to bring England out of the rut where the Labour Government has put her, it will surely be Winston Churchill!

Joan Sheppard,  
Grade XI.





**CRAIG GOWAN**—J. Gladstone, Head

BACK ROW—A. Rice, C. Young, J. Patton.  
 FIRST ROW—C. Gustafson, B. A. Harris, M. Travers, N. A. Richards, R. Robertson.  
 SECOND ROW—D. Grindley, M. Tuckwell, M. Gossling, L. Masson.  
 THIRD ROW—S. Flood, J. Smith, M. Gair, J. Bonnycastle, L. Cousens, D. Smith.  
 FOURTH ROW—D. Smith, B. Sidgwick, E. Echols, W. Bracken, C. A. Fields.  
 FRONT ROW—B. Head, P. Neal, A. Palk.  
 ABSENT—J. Sheppard, A. Jennings, H. Bonnycastle.

### **CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE**

Craig Gowan House has had an interesting and eventful year. The Track and Field Meet in the Fall was the first House Competition. Cathy Young was the Senior Individual Champion and contributed many points to the House. The House volleyball series came later in the year and provided good sport and excitement for all participants. We were lucky enough to win this series. Thanks are due to all the team members who came out so faithfully to practices and games, making our success possible. Another athletic event of the year was the skating races. Here, credit is due to nearly all the House members from Grade III right up to Grade XI. House points were awarded for entering the races and even those who were not too adept at skating made the effort and entered an event to help our House. Individuals who contributed the most House points in this event were Mavis Gossling and Barbara Head.

The House Gymnastics Competition was well supported. Separate competitions were held for the juniors and seniors, and enthusiasm was high in both classes. The Ping Pong Tournament was another event open to all House Members. Here

too, points were given for entry and of course the semi-finalists and winners received additional points. Our Sport's Captain, Ann Jennings, worked hard all year and deserves much credit for the good showing Craig Gowan made in athletics this year.

Academically speaking too, Craig Gowan had a good year. Each girl contributed House points for school work in proportion to her work average. This proved to be an incentive for the girls, as good marks not only give satisfaction to the individual but also they help the House.

A Penny Race always seems to receive enthusiastic support and this was so in the two Races held this year. The results in both cases were very satisfactory. The four Houses contributed \$60.20 to the Red Cross in one Race and \$61.36 to the Community Chest in the other. Next term our big House effort will be the Lilac-Mission Tea which we hope will be as successful as the one held last year.

We are all very proud of Cathy Young, our Head Girl, who has brought great honour to our House. Our thanks goes to her and to Joan Sheppard, our prefect, for their help during the year. Our House officers, Ada Rice, the secretary, and

Carla Gustafson, the uniform monitress, also deserve credit for their efforts this year. Then, our staff members have a special vote of thanks. Miss Boreham and Miss Arnold have given much encouragement and help this year. Lastly, credit is due to all of you in Craig Gowan House who have contributed something to your House, for however big or small that contribution may have been it evidenced House spirit and was greatly appreciated.

Thank you everyone for an unforgettable year, and best of luck Craig Gowan in the years to come!

Jane Gladstone.

### VIOLIN MAGIC

Maria's mother took in washing. Maria's brother worked in the mines. Maria grew up from babyhood in a two-room flat, barely furnished, but spotlessly clean. She played in the dirty street below. One could often view the little girl, at five years of age, carting laundry to her mother, or returning it, clean and sparkling to the owner. One day as she skipped along in the sunlight, she suddenly stopped, and listened in rapture. She heard beautiful music coming from an open basement window. Creeping to it, she saw an old teacher and, playing a violin, a young lad. Both looked poor, but happy. She saw them place the violin in its case, and watched them as they left the building. The flame of the desire for music had been kindled in Maria's heart. On her homeward way, she couldn't resist entering the building. Going down the stairs, she found the door of the room ajar. Impulsively she scampered to the cupboard where she had seen the precious instrument being placed. Carefully she took it from its case. She drew the bow across the strings. She was producing music which thrilled her. Suddenly she turned around, to see the old man watching her!

Maria jumped, but the old man placed his hand upon her shoulder, and said, "Now my wee one, don't be frightened, but tell me who you are." The man, realizing she was gifted, promised her the use of the violin each day. She made good use of this privilege, the joy of the moments spent with the instrument and the old Italian teacher remaining with her all day. This went on for two years. While attending school with white children and those of her own race, she was happy. Yet few knew from what source this happiness sprang.

One rainy, dismal day, as she approached the old building she found Joe, sitting on the bench outside the old Italian's door. He was the boy whom Maria had first seen through the window with the master. Through the intervening years

they had studied together. Joe's voice came slowly and bitterly to Maria, "He's gone, Maria. He's dead."

At this point her life changed. She began to do errands for the ladies "across the tracks," who paid her very little. How she missed the old Italian and the pleasant evenings spent with Joe and the violin! She did not see Joe again for over a year, when she met him as she came to the tenement door. In his outstretched arms was the violin. He gave it to her, whispering that his family was moving away. With "Good luck, Maria," he fled and was gone. Life was hard for a Negro in those days. One must live where one could find a job.

At fourteen years of age Maria stopped school, becoming a seamstress' assistant. She earned enough money to pay for intermittent violin lessons. One teacher told her, "You can never be a real violinist." With unconquered spirit she went to another teacher who arranged a concert for her. He was a man of influence and invited his great musician friends to attend. When they accepted, the society people bought tickets, declaring that the girl, although black, might have something to offer. Maria played superbly. The girl, dressed in white, who never before had had an audience, played as if she and her instrument, (still the identical violin), were one. The huge audience applauded. More applause came after many encores. Maria sat quietly backstage as she heard the thrilled people leaving. She recognized this man, pushing his way behind stage toward her, as the discouraging former teacher. "Maria," he said, "I am a fool. I thought that, because your skin was dark, you could never be a public success. I admit that for that reason I tried to get rid of you. I am sorry. Forgive me, Maria!"

"Only God can do that, sir," broke in the voice of a handsome young man of Maria's race. She turned to him.

"Joe!" she exclaimed.

"It was lovely, Maria!" he said. They left the Concert Hall late that night. Only then, did Maria learn that the old Italian's music and violin had been left to her; that Joe had entered the house of the greedy relatives of the Italian, who had taken her little inheritance. He had taken the violin for her. The night he gave it to her he had been taken by the police and imprisoned. Upon release he had got a job, and had paid for Maria's violin.

Maria looked as lovely in her white wedding dress as she had in white on the concert stage; the fifth birthday gift, which the little daughter of Maria and Joe received, was a beautiful, old violin.

Elaine Protheroe,  
Grade IX.





### GLEN GAIRN—Jane Park, Head

BACK ROW—S. Pierce, J. Carr, D. Hanson, O. Nash, J. Hanson, L. Albertsen, C. Feinstein.

MIDDLE ROW—N. Bathgate, J. Anderson, J. Bathgate, D. McPhail, E. Landon, C. MacAulay, S. Carnegie, B. L. McPhail.

FRONT ROW—G. Burrows, C. McLeod, C. Wilson, W. Stibbard, G. Clarke, K. Kaufman, J. Wilson.

ABSENT—D. Nanton, S. Donegani, E. Riley, N. A. Green, C. Watkins, S. Reilly, D. Sheppard, S. Mitchell, J. Wallace.

### GLEN GAIRN

This has been a memorable last year at School for me, as the head of Glen Gairn. Although we have not been at the top of the list, I think everyone has done a share of work and play.

First of all this year we had our Track and Field Day. In this the Juniors were very good. Carolyn Wilson was the Midget Champion. After field day we started practising volleyball. There was enthusiasm shown here even if we did not do too well in our games.

At the beginning of the second term, the skating races were held and everyone entered and did her best even though hardly able to skate. Also at this time there were the Gymnastic Competitions. In this Glen Gairn placed first and I would like to thank all who tried so hard.

During the month of February, Ping Pong was the chief attraction. You could not walk into the bun and milk room without having to dodge a ball. Although no one in our house won anything, enthusiasm was shown.

Twice during the year we had penny races. The first race was in the Fall Term and the money

was given to the Red Feather Campaign. In that race we made almost \$13.00. The second race was in March and the money collected in it was given to the Red Cross. This time we placed second and made about \$17.00. Good spirit was shown in both these races.

During this year the points given for work were quite good. I think everyone did her share in contributing House points. Also points were contributed for the Photography Contest, the work done on the play and for correct uniform.

In this last term our big effort will be shown in the Lilac-Mission Tea. We must work together to make this a success.

In closing, I would like to thank Judy Carr, our Prefect, Diana Nanton, our Sports Captain, Daphne Hanson, our Secretary, and Louise Albertsen, our Uniform Monitress. I would like to thank the Staff, Miss Shepley and Mrs. Price, for their useful and helpful suggestions. Also I want to thank all of you in Glen Cairn for giving me your support this year. Keep up the good work Glen Gairn and good luck!

Jane Park.





## THE PRINCESS AND THE WOODCUTTER

A. A. MILNE

WOODCUTTER .....	<i>Nancy Bathgate</i>
PRINCESS .....	<i>Gayle McLean</i>
KING .....	<i>Lynne Cousens</i>
QUEEN .....	<i>Jane Mathewson</i>
RED PRINCE .....	<i>Marilyn Stephenson</i>
BLUE PRINCE .....	<i>Dianne McPhail</i>
YELLOW PRINCE .....	<i>Jennifer Steward</i>

## TWICE IS TOO MUCH

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

ABU HASSAN .....	<i>Patricia Busby</i>
NOUZ HATOUL .....	<i>Susan Carnegie</i>
ISHAH .....	<i>Barbara Ann Harris</i>
ZOBEIDE .....	<i>Susan Moore</i>
ASPAH .....	<i>Jacqueline Hoare</i>
THREE MERCHANTS .....	<i>Jane Savage</i>
	<i>Mary Thornton</i>
	<i>Christine Watkins</i>
HAROUN AL RASCHID,	
THE CALIPH .....	<i>Dorothy Richardson</i>
GIAFAR, THE VIZIER .....	<i>Mary Ross</i>
TWO SLAVES .....	<i>Judy Smith</i>
	<i>Elaine Thomson</i>

## THE BATHROOM DOOR

GERTRUDE E. JENNINGS

THE YOUNG MAN .....	<i>Joan Davidson</i>
THE YOUNG LADY .....	<i>Penny Clark</i>
THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN .....	<i>Evelyn Riley</i>
THE PRIMA DONNA .....	<i>Judy Hanson</i>
THE ELDERLY LADY .....	<i>Ann Carroll</i>
THE BOOTS .....	<i>Muriel Edmonds</i>

## MIRACLE AT BLAISE

JOSEPHINE NIGGLI

MADELEINE GIRAUD .....	<i>Cathy Young</i>
BERTHE, her sister-in-law .....	<i>Gail Macdonald</i>
GABRIELLE MORTIER,	
a young girl from the village .....	<i>Judy Patton</i>
NICOLE LACROIX, a secret visitor .....	<i>Joan Sheppard</i>
TABITHA, a stranger .....	<i>Ann Jennings</i>
VERONIE VIDEAU,	
a woman of the village .....	<i>Judy Carr</i>

## THE CRIMSON COCONUT

IAN HAY BEITH

JACK PINCHER, a detective .....	<i>Diana Duncan</i>
ROBERT, a waiter .....	<i>Eirene Landon</i>
MR. JABSTICK .....	<i>Gail Brooking</i>
NANCY JABSTICK, his daughter .....	<i>Honor Bonnycastle</i>
NITRO GLISERINSKI,	
an anarchist .....	<i>Dawna Duncan</i>
MADAME GLISERINSKI .....	<i>Suzanne Flood</i>

## DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

On March 14, 1952, I sat in the auditorium at Balmoral Hall waiting for the lights to dim and the curtains to part on the first play of the evening. There were to be three plays performed for the public that night—The Bathroom Door by Grade X, Miracle At Blaise by Grade XI, and The Crimson Coconut by Grade IX. These were the plays which our adjudicator, Miss McGougan, had chosen as the best. My thoughts went back to the two days when she had come to judge our work.

We had prepared five plays; the titles and the casts you have read. Each classroom had worked hard on its play. On the afternoons of March 6 and 7, these plays were performed for the adjudicator, for any parents who were able to attend, and for the school.

Miss McGougan felt that all the plays were interesting and well-prepared, but naturally she singled out some for special commendation. She also praised individual actresses. It was the Grade XI play that she found most moving. Miss McGougan praised the background scenery created for "The Princess and the Woodcutter." She also commended Jennifer Steward for her facial expressions and movements in her part as the Yellow Prince.

The costumes in the grade VIII play were very colourful and Susan Carnegie, as Nouz-Hatoul, was very graceful in her movements and gestures.

Miss McGougan was pleased with the rapid movement in the Grade IX play and with its excellent characterization. Eirene Landon, as the waiter, was especially convincing.

The Grade X play was a very enjoyable farce, done very well by its cast. Joan Davidson, as the young man, gave a very consistent performance.

It was the Grade XI play that was the most difficult to perform, and for this reason, Miss McGougan was especially pleased with the atmosphere which was created and sustained throughout the play. Cathy Young as Madeleine Giraud gave a restrained, convincing performance.

All these thoughts passed through my mind as I waited for the final presentation of the plays. From the money which our guests donated to our dramatic effort, we will be able to supply ourselves with much-needed equipment. From the kindly adjudication of Miss McGougan, we have already derived much help. From the plays themselves, we have gained new experiences.

We look forward to next year's dramatics with great enthusiasm.

Lorna Craig,  
Grade XI.

## THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE

October, the sixteenth proved to be a very exciting day for the people of Winnipeg. This was of course the day when the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh visited our city. From the time the Royal couple arrived at the airport, anxious people lined the streets to get a glimpse of the popular couple. Memories of that day will linger long in the hearts of Winnipeg people.

An outstanding feature of the day's entertainment for the Royal couple was the ballet performance at the Civic Auditorium. It had been previously arranged for the boarders of Balmoral Hall to attend this exciting affair. For the occasion we donned our best dresses and tried to look our very smartest. At seven-thirty the taxis arrived and we quickly took our places in them. When we arrived at the Auditorium the atmosphere was filled with excitement. The usher showed us to our seats and we made ourselves comfortable as we waited for the arrival of the Princess.

The lights were dimmed, the curtain rose, and the orchestra played the overture. Before long we were witnessing the ballet, "The Wise Virgins." Presently it was over and the stars were making their curtain calls. The time had come for the most exciting moment of the evening. We could now hear the crowds outside cheering and then the Princess and the Duke, along with the party from Government House arrived. We rose to our feet as the orchestra played, "God Save the King." We then cheered and clapped as the Royal party was seated. A bouquet of flowers was presented to the Princess who looked very charming in a pale yellow net evening gown. She also wore a white ermine wrap and a glittering diamond tiara.

The sparkle of the tiara had caught the eye of the audience and everyone was craning his neck to get a glimpse of the Princess and Duke before the curtain rose for the performance.

Soon the lights were out and the curtain rose on the "Ballet Premier." The ballet "Visages" followed. After this, the Royal Party left, while the people cheered. The performers of the evening had a thrill of a lifetime when they met the Princess and Duke before they left the building.

The excitement inside the Auditorium was receding as the curtain went up on the fourth ballet, "Finishing School." Presently this delightful ballet was over too.

The entertainment which had been presented for a Princess was over, but the memories of the ballet itself and of the Princess, will always be treasured in our hearts.

Carla Gustafson,  
Grade XI



## SPORTS NOTES

The first event in our Sports Year at Balmoral Hall was the track and field meet. Everyone took part in the races, high jumps, hurdles and games, with great enthusiasm. Soon after track and field day, our tennis tournament began. Tennis is one of the best sports to-day and I hope more time will be devoted to it next year.

Then came our skating races. Here we met with a great response, and although we are not all Barbara Ann Scotts, most of us managed to slide round the rink twice and receive a house point for our respective houses. Hockey was introduced this year, and I know that we will soon have an efficient team.

The indoor winter sports consisted of ping-pong and volleyball. Nearly everyone in the school entered the pingpong tournament, and the standard of playing was very high. This was also a house competition, in which everyone who entered received a house point.

The girls of Grades X and XI entered the High School Volley Ball League again this year and learned a great deal about competitive playing and team work from this experience. There were also House Volley Ball teams and games.

Early in the spring we began our basket-ball coaching. Everyone enjoyed the practices and games.

The last sports event of the year was the base-ball competition.

### VOLLEYBALL

Balmoral Hall entered the city league again this year. Despite our losses, the enthusiasm of the team was high. Early morning practices proved beneficial due to the excellent coaching of Miss Christie. Six games were played, three at home and the remaining three at Lord Selkirk, Technical Vocational and Sargent Park. Good luck to next year's team.

### TENNIS LECTURE

On October 27, the Senior School had the pleasure and privilege of listening to a tennis lecture given by Mrs. Barbara Swanick. Mrs. Swanick is associated with the Dewpool School of Tennis in England. During the lecture, she showed us films of the championship matches played at Wimbledon and pointed out such things as correct style, technique and foot movement. She also showed us the proper way to hold a tennis racquet and the proper way to serve. All in all we learned a great deal from both the films and the demonstration.

We all know that a great deal of organization has gone into the work of the sports year. It is the student body which makes all these games possible. Our Sports Programme is planned not only to teach the more popular sports of to-day, but also to teach team work and fair play. Each year better facilities are available for sports, and it is the support and enthusiasm given by all the girls which enable sports to be carried on efficiently.

May I take this opportunity to extend my best wishes to next year's Sports Captain.

Joey Adamson,  
Sports Captain.

### RESULTS OF GYMNASTIC EXAMINATIONS

#### *Midget:*

Winner: GLORIA CLARK

Runner up: KATHERINE KAUFMANN

#### *Juniors:*

Winner: SALLY BLANCHARD

Runner up: FAITH WILSON

#### *Intermediates:*

Winner: SYLVIA PIERCE

Runner up: DAWNA DUNCAN

#### *Seniors:*

Winner: CATHY YOUNG.

Runner up: GLEN MURRAY

### PING PONG

This year the Ping Pong tournament was played during January with the games being refereed by Glen Murray, Eve Riley and Muriel Edmonds. The finals were all well played with Beryl Hoare, Gail Brooking, and Muriel Edmonds winning the Junior, Intermediate, and Senior Competitions respectively. An enthusiastic interest was taken in all the games with Ballater House coming first.

### TRACK AND FIELD

Balmoral Hall held its Track and Field Meet on Thursday, October 11th. Carolyn Wilson, Dawna Duncan, and Cathy Young won the highest number of points in the Junior, Intermediate, and Senior Events respectively. The events that these three girls took part in, along with the rest of the school from Grades I to XII were potato races, sack races, minute shots, high jumping and dashes. The House competition was very close this year, and it was a hard won battle for Braemar who once again took top place. Ballater, only one mark behind, came second.





## Gymnastics . . .

### PIANO AND DANCING

On Friday May 2nd and Saturday, May 3rd, a piano recital and display of gymnastics and dancing were presented in the auditorium of the school.

The programme was divided into three parts, the first and last parts being devoted to gymnastics and the middle part to piano selections and dancing. All the girls in the school took part in the programme from the smallest children in Grade I to the senior girls in Grade XI.

The Grand March at the beginning of the programme brought all the girls into the gymnasium for the singing of O Canada.

The gymnastic work ranged from very simple exercises to balance work, swinging on the ropes, work on the spring box, exercises in mat work and moving designs on the bars. The piano numbers consisted of piano duets and solo piano selections. Dancers presented technical work and exercises, simple Junior dances, a graceful pas de trois, a Russian peasant dance, frieze dance, ball dance and lively tarantelle. School uniform was worn for most of the evening, but for certain dances colourful costumes were used.

We take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Farally, Miss Camden, Miss Bird, Miss Arnold, Miss Rossell and Mr. Thorsen who trained us for this work.

Carol Feinstein,  
Grade XI.

### GYM

Bell sounds. File out.  
Down stairs. Don't shout.  
Shoe on. Forgot my sock.  
Lend me one? Don't talk.  
Zipper broke. Hurry now.  
Get in line. Yes, but how?  
Up at last. Lead in.  
All here but Mary and Lynn.  
Take your distance, two by two.  
Hurry Zane, put on your shoe.  
Now commence, two, four.  
Pike, jack, touch the floor,  
Forward roll, neck-stand high,  
Arabasque and don't sigh.  
Point the toes, arch your back.  
Now a back-bend on the rack.  
Rest awhile. In comes Lynn.  
Where's Mary? Can't find a pin.  
Oh, well! Straddle-roll,  
Cross-legged turn, jump the pole.  
Door opens. Mary's in.  
Walks over, whispers to Lynn.  
Bell going? Good show!  
Relief at last. Let's go.

Dawna Duncan,  
Grade IX.

MISS SHARMAN: to a very talkative pupil.  
What was the formula I just rubbed off the board?

PUPIL: I don't know.

MISS SHARMAN: Well *come back next year*  
and maybe you will!



VOLLEY BALL TEAM

BACK ROW—C. Young, G. Murray, J. Malaher, A. Rice, I. Huehn.

FRONT ROW—P. Riley, J. Carr, J. Gladstone, J. Adamson, L. Craig, D. Nanton, J. Davidson.

## Christmas Carol Service . . .

Balmoral Hall's second Carol Service was held on December 19th, 1951. Christmas trees with their coloured lights provided the only illumination in the room. The dim light helped to create the atmosphere of worship and reverence which prevailed throughout the service. The choir and the school entered singing the old carol Hark the Herald Angels Sing, and then Rev. W. G. Burch opened the service with a prayer. While the choir was singing the Coventry Carol, the curtains of the stage parted to reveal for a moment, the familiar and lovely Manger scene.

During the service different groups presented carols, and the entire congregation sang three Christmas hymns. Rev. A. R. Huband gave a short address on the spirit of giving. We listened to passages from the familiar story of the Nativity, read by Miss Murrell-Wright and some of the Grade XI girls. Canon Wilmot pronounced the benediction, and the service closed with the quiet singing of Silent Night during which the Christmas tableau was again seen.

Joan Davidson,  
Grade X.

## The Christmas Party . . .

The Christmas party took place in the school dining-room on December 18th, 1951. The candlelit room with its rows of long tables covered with Christmas crackers, hats, and miniature sugar plum trees received the gaily-dressed hostesses and their guests all wearing cheery seasonal corsages. Everyone had enjoyed the "carol cocktails" in the drawing-room. Colourful Christmas flags marked everyone's place, and we paused for grace. It was a real Christmas Dinner with golden, crisp turkey, delicious dressing, relish, olives, celery, hot rolls, nippy cranberry sauce, vegetables and luscious giblet gravy; for dessert we had ice-cream pie. All during the dinner there was a continuous cheery chatter filled with pre-Christmas news and expectations. The whole atmosphere was charged with Christmas delight.

Following dinner, the staff separated from the girls and each group went to their after-dinner party. The guests went to the drawing-room and the girls gathered in the library around the Christmas tree. Santa had previously visited our tree and everyone eagerly tore open her present to see



what gift Father Christmas had left. Cokes and Christmas cake were carried up to the White House Upper Hall where the mats had been rolled up in readiness for the dancers. The non-dancers were busily occupied with a small, withered piece of mistletoe. The wee green leaf managed to be held over, or by, nearly everyone at the party.

As the clock ticked on, our Christmas Party for 1951 ended and everyone went home feeling full, tired and happy.

Dawna Duncan.

### DESERTED

Drifting, drifting all alone  
 Drifting on a silver foam,  
 A weary wail, a shrieking moan,  
 A haunting laugh, a hollow groan.  
 Deserted on a stormy night,  
 Fantastic sails red and bright,  
 A misty gap we soon do see—  
 What, oh, what can it be?

Sylvia Pierce,  
 Grade IX.



Photography Winner—Mary Thornton, VIII.

## BROWNIES AND GUIDES

### BROWNIES ENROLLMENT

On Tuesday, December the 7th, we came into the gymnasium in our Brownie uniforms and stood in a circle. We all pledged to be good Brownies. Madame Commissioner put our Brownie pins on the ties of our uniforms. Madame Commissioner told us a fairy story about how Brownies started. All the Brownies put their fairy gold (collection) under the toadstool. Then we played "The Germ and the Toothbrush." We had some good food to eat. Then, since the party was over, we all went home.

Katherine Kaufmann,  
 Grade III.

### 16TH GUIDE COMPANY

The Balmoral Hall Guide Company opened in September 1951, for its second year, under new leadership. The Captain, Mrs. Hutchinson, and the Lieutenant, Mrs. Graham, have worked very hard. In January ten new Guides were enrolled and one second class badge was received. Every guide has been working hard on her semaphore during February and March. At the end of each meeting there is time to play a few games.

In the fall some of the Guides went on a picnic and in the winter we went for a tally-ho ride. The guides sent three sets of place mats into a competition, but we did not win. For one meeting we went to Canada Bread and were shown around. This was very interesting. The whole Guide Company went to the Auditorium to attend the Thinking and Remembrance Day Service on February 24th.

All Guides, Brownies, Cubs and Scouts assembled at the Civic Auditorium on Sunday, February 24th for a special programme to commemorate Thinking and Remembrance Day. We sang familiar hymns and were lead in prayer by well known guides and scouts. A guide brought forward the guide flag and then Mrs. A. J. Mahon told us the meaning of everything on the flag. Guide Patricia Malaher gave a speech about Thinking Day. The ceremony closed with all Scouts and Cubs solemnly renewing their promise, and led by Mrs. Greer, our Provincial Commissioner, the Guides and Brownies repeated and renewed their promise.

Mary Thornton,  
 16th Guide Company.



### A PROVERBIAL FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time, in the days when countries weren't overrun by oil derricks and mining engineers, there lived two brothers named Tom and Augustus. They lived in a little white cottage in the middle of a big green valley at the foot of a bigger green mountain surmounted by a perfect monstrosity of a huge grey castle on the top of which flew a great flapping black flag with strange yellow stripes on it. About the castle and its mysterious black flag we will hear later, but at the moment we must turn our attention to Tom and Augustus, who are obviously going to be the heroes of our story.

Now these two brothers lived with their mother in the little white cottage, tending the flocks and cutting wood by day and sitting and listening to their mother talk by night. As for their mother, she spent the day either sitting outside in the little garden knitting and wishing she were inside by the fire where it was warm, or sitting inside by the fire knitting and wishing she were outside in the little garden where it was cool. If the brothers were hungry, they opened a can of beans. Every evening after Tom and Augustus had finished their day's work and their beans, they would take turns helping their mother wind wool to knit socks which she never finished because she was forever dropping stitches or ripping it all out and starting over again. As they sat and wound wool, their mother would carry on a ceaseless flow of chatter—complaints, stories with morals, village gossip and any other little pleasantries which came to her mind. And when she could think of nothing more to say, she would quote proverbs by the score. Her favourites were, "All that glitters is not gold" and "Money is the root of all evil." These she repeated day in and day out, hoping to impress them firmly in her sons' minds for possible future reference. But there was one difference between the two brothers which warrants mention: Augustus enjoyed this sort of thing and Tom did not. Good, dutiful Augustus hung on his mother's every word and took it to heart, while wicked, worthless Tom would have liked nothing better than to break her poor old wool or stand over her with a rod and force her to cook a meal. Fie on Tom!

One day when the two brothers were out tending their sheep, an old man in a black cloak with yellow stripes on it suddenly appeared from nowhere in particular and asked if he might have some of their bread and cheese lunch as he had travelled a long way and was quite famished. When he saw that Augustus hesitated somewhat, the old man said in a pitifully wavering voice that if they would give him one little bread and cheese snack, they would soon be rewarded by many more sumptuous repasts, not to mention



stacks of gold coins. Augustus immediately said, "Ah, but a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush. Besides, money is the root of all evil," and he trotted off into a corner of the pasture and began to eat his lunch. However, the foolish Tom took pity on the old man and gave him all his lunch, even the large piece of chocolate cake that had been meant for his dessert. When the old man had finished eating and brushed away the crumbs from his cloak, he stood up, saying, "And now for the reward." And lo and behold, throwing back his black cloak with the yellow stripes, he stepped forth and revealed himself as a tall and noble prince in a gold brocade tunic, and embroidered on the front was a black ensign with yellow stripes, just like the one flying above the great grey castle!

Tom would have fallen to his knees such was his surprise and humiliation, but the tall prince said, "Never mind, old chap, I know just how you feel. And now really I must tell you. I was once the master of that castle up there, but a wizard came and put me under a spell which could not be broken until someone did me one favour. Not much chance of that looking the way I did, eh? But now all this will have killed that annoying old wizard, so we can go up and free my sister, the beautiful princess who has been imprisoned up there all this time. You can marry her if you like. But come on, let's hurry up or we'll be late for the feast!" And with that the prince seized Tom's hand and pulling the dazed fellow after him joyously, ran all the way up the mountain and in the front door of the castle, leaving Augustus imperturbably munching a hunk of his mother's strongest rat-trap brand in the corner of the pasture.

The next day Tom was married to the beautiful princess amid great gaiety, razzle-dazzle, and ex-

pense. Augustus and his mother were invited to the wedding, but declined the invitation on the pretext that all that glitters is not gold. That night they succeeded in winding six large balls of wool before retiring to bed. But Tom lived happily ever after and ate square meals for the rest of his life.

Moral: Never trust a woman who quotes proverbs. She's just trying to pull the wool over your eyes.

Ann Jennings,  
Grade XI.

Winner of the Senior Story Competition  
(*Tied with Jane Gladstone*)

### THE WINDOW

Adele stood waiting in the doorway of the office building. The street was deserted save for an old man shuffling toward her. Adele watched him as he came closer. He looked so old and tired—bent like a branch of the oak tree that had been in Adele's back yard for as long as she could remember. She wondered vaguely who he was and what he was doing out on such a cold night. Then she remembered how cold she herself was, and shivered involuntarily.

... My but the buses were slow... The man was closer now and she could see his features more closely. He wasn't as old as she had first suspected, but so very tired looking. He was stopping now in front of the hardware store a little way down the street. He was looking at something inside the window which Adele could not see—probably a lawn mower, a set of power tools, or something equally uninspiring. It was funny the number of people she had seen stop at that very window, just during the time she had been waiting there too...

Adele stamped her feet to keep them warm. A gust of wind swirled along the street picking up a piece of newspaper that had been lying on the pavement. It would settle for a moment, then be picked up again and carried still further by a new gust. Even in her relatively sheltered spot, Adele could feel the bite of the wind. How much colder that poor man must be!

She turned her head to look at him again, finding that thinking about him kept her mind off the cold. He was still standing there looking in the store window. His hands were clasped behind his back in what Adele imagined was a very characteristic gesture... Would that bus never come?...

A streetcar rumbled up from the opposite direction. It stopped almost directly opposite the hardware, but the man never turned around. Square patches of light were cast on the snow from the streetcar windows. Adele thought how

warm the passengers must be inside. Soon it started up again and passed from sight. The man had never moved.

Then, watching a neon sign across the street blink on and off, on and off, helped pass the time. Finally Adele sighted her bus coming along the street. She started walking briskly down the street to the bus stop. By now she was frankly curious as to what was in the window. She slowed down as she neared the hardware so that she would be able to have a good look in the window.

From her position all she could see was some drapery and a large piece of white cardboard. But as she drew closer, she suddenly knew why that man had stood so long, oblivious of the weather, just to gaze in the window. It was all too clear. On the cardboard was a picture of His Majesty, King George VI.

Jane Gladstone,  
Grade XI.

Winner of Senior Short Story Competition  
(*Tied with Ann Jennings*)

### THE GRADE NINE BAND

One memorable day the Grade Nines gathered in the classroom to discuss the new project—a band. We all tried to think of instruments we might be able to play, and Elaine Protheroe was chosen to be musical director and conductor.

The string section was represented by Carol Nixon, Pat Benham, Carol MacAulay and Suzanne Flood who played guitars or ukeleles.

The wind instruments were played by the following musicians: Dawna and Diana played the first and second clarinets; Eirene the flute; Martha played a miniature type of bagpipe and Gail Brooking attempted to play the trumpet—when it worked; this was the only instrument that could be heard above the din.

The tambourines, drums, cymbals, triangles and woody things which gave the band rhythm, were nobly played by other energetic volunteers. Honor tried to play the piano besides attempting to transpose the music to fit Gail's flat trumpet. So did Dawna, Diana, Carol Nixon and Elaine Protheroe. In fact the instruments all seemed to be in different keys and the first few weeks were spent in straightening this confusion. Miss Boreham supplied us with the music and gave up her "Friday noons" to lend a helping hand.

The first piece attempted was "God Save the Queen" and when Gail hit the right notes, a listener might be able to put them together and make out the tune. Despite the noisy Friday noons we all hope the band will progress in future years.

Honor Bonnycastle,  
Grade IX.



### PEOPLE WE COULD DO WITHOUT

*The speech of the honourable Sir Henry Jewelmonger, addressed to the citizens of Speyer, on the occasion of that notable's last visit to that town.*

I think that I need have no fear about the disagreement or agreement of the general public with my decision. Radio commercials must go. And to rid the world of these unmitigated annoyances, we must first rid it of those who are responsible for them. Now please don't misunderstand me. I don't wish to rid the world of *all* advertising. I am not so unjust as all that. I am quite aware that to have any sort of business you must advertise. I would never have reached my present estimable position in the shoe-lace manufacturing business, if I had not advertised. So . . . by all means clutter up our newspapers and magazines with advertisements, taking up space that could be used to so much greater advantage; destroy, or at least hide, the scenery of one of the most beautiful countries in the world with billboards, if you must, but for the love of heaven, leave radio and television alone.

I will never forget one tragic day. I was sitting listening to the dramatic speech of my good friend and colleague, Sir Omar Williamson, on the radio, when he was rudely cut off the air, in order that the eagerly waiting listening audience might be informed, to their eternal joy, that Bee-Bee-Dol Tablets, which cured all ills, mental or physical, could be bought at your nearest druggist for only 79 cents (each, that is). Then there was a pause, I suppose in which to run upstairs and dig into the large stock of Bee-Bee-Dol Tablets which you quite naturally had on hand. After everyone had had time to settle down to a long ecstatic suck, they switched Sir Omar back on. I was just in time to hear his farewell—to life, as it turned out. He committed suicide the next day. (Such an ignoble end for such a noble man.) I maintain from that day to this that the cause of his untimely death was the shock of having his own flawless eloquence spurned for the sake of Bee-Bee-Dol Tablets. I learned later that his was the most soul-stirring talk on the sin of parking on other people's parking meter time that has been heard before or since.

And I could recount to you many more instances of positively criminal stupidity on the part of the radio executive. But, then, I suppose I must admit that it's not their fault. They are paid to do it and so they must. Ah, the avaricious tendencies of the world today! It makes me ashamed to be part of such a mercenary humanity! But . . . I have thought of a plan. It stands to reason that if no one writes commercials, then no one can read them, and therefore, no one has to listen to

them. What could be simpler than making the writing of commercials an outlawed profession? My good friends, I am here; I ask but little; I want not fame nor fortune; I want only your good wishes, and perhaps a slightly more substantial evidence of the same, to speed me on my way in this Crusade for the Benefit of Humankind which I am about to make my life's work. Think of it! The freedom to listen straight through a program with no interruptions. Never again to reach the crucial point in a tense drama, only to be told that—"Nothing keeps Duffy's." Never again to be in the middle of a stirring interlude of music only to have Mary tell Sue the telephone number of the Patriotic Salvage Corps. Truly a dream to drive a man to great deeds!

How to finance the programs, if I succeed? That is just one of the small details which I must work out before my plan is completed, but I work with a light heart, for I know I have the good wishes of all you wonderful people with me. Au revoir, and many thanks for your hearty reception of my dream.

EPILOGUE: *Amid enthusiastic applause and a shower of coins, Sir Henry bowed himself from the stage. After collecting the money he was heard of no more. The people of Speyer still wonder why "them pesky commercialisms" still plague their poor, befuddled lives.*

Pat Benham,  
Grade IX.

### DEATH

A Babe, a King  
Are victims of its grasp.  
What is this thing  
That comes in silence,  
Wearing a mantle of Eternity:  
A mantle that terminates  
All warmth, all life?  
This is death.

Joey Adamson.



Senior Photography Winner, Honor Bonnycastle, IX.



## E X C H A N G E S

ALMA COLLEGE - - - - -	<i>St. Thomas, Ont.</i>
THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL - - - - -	<i>Toronto, Ont.</i>
BRANKSOME HALL - - - - -	<i>Toronto, Ont.</i>
CROFTON HOUSE SCHOOL - - - - -	<i>Vancouver, B.C.</i>
DANIEL McINTYRE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE -	<i>Winnipeg, Man.</i>
ELMWOOD SCHOOL - - - - -	<i>Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.</i>
HALIFAX LADIES COLLEGE - - - - -	<i>Halifax, N.S.</i>
HAVERGAL COLLEGE - - - - -	<i>Toronto, Ont.</i>
ISAAC NEWTON - - - - -	<i>Winnipeg, Man.</i>
KING'S HALL - - - - -	<i>Compton, P.Q.</i>
LAKEFIELD PREPATORY SCHOOL - - - - -	<i>Lakefield, Ont.</i>
MAPLE LEAF COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE - - - -	<i>Morden, Man.</i>
MOULTON COLLEGE - - - - -	<i>Toronto, Ont.</i>
ST. AGNES SCHOOL - - - - -	<i>Albany, New York.</i>
ST. JOHN'S RAVENSCOURT - - - - -	<i>Winnipeg, Man.</i>
TRAFALGAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - - - - -	<i>Montreal, P.Q.</i>
UNITED COLLEGE - - - - -	<i>Winnipeg, Man.</i>
THE WINKLER COLLEGIAN - - - - -	<i>Winkler, Man.</i>
YORK HOUSE - - - - -	<i>Vancouver, B.C.</i>

### SUNNY, THE WILD STALLION

Sunny was a wild stallion who led a group of wild horses on the plains. He was a chestnut with one white stocking and he was about fifteen hands high. His coat shone in the sun so beautifully the men who saw him called him Sunny. He was three years old. Nobody had ever been able to catch him because he was so quick that he got away every time. Now there was a colt in the herd who didn't have a mother—she had been bitten by a rattlesnake about five months before—so Sunny took care of him. Since the little one year old colt had a star on his head, he was called Star. Star was a very fast runner and could almost keep up to Sunny.

One day, two men named Jack and Bob who had always wanted to catch Sunny and Star set out on their horses to try to catch the two horses. They rode for a long time but saw no sign of any wild horses. Then suddenly in the distance they saw a band of horses. They went behind a bush and came out where they had seen the horses. Again they were disappointed for they saw no chestnut stallion standing beside a bay colt with a star on his head. It was growing dark so they set off for home.

On their way they saw another herd of wild horses and in the group—the chestnut stallion and a bay colt. Sunny saw them and let out a loud snort, and ran to the west with the colt and

the rest of the herd following behind. The men could not catch them. When they reached the ranch, they told the others that Sunny and Star were heading towards the west. Two famous horse thieves heard this news and decided to set out early the next morning to find Sunny and Star.

They set out at seven o'clock hoping to find the two horses. After two hours of searching, they finally saw them but they were running away from something. Bob and Jack were chasing the horses too. Sunny was surrounded. In front were the two horse thieves. Behind were Bob and Jack with some men from the ranch. In the one moment when he hesitated, Jack's lasso dropped over the horse's head and Bob's fell over Star's head. The two horse thieves turned around and rode away before they were identified.

The two horses were taken back to the ranch and put into the corral. There they stayed for the night huddled together in one corner of the corral. The next morning Jack went up to the horses to give them some oats and carrots. The horses just looked at him. After a long time, Sunny took a step towards the man. Star followed. They ate the oats and carrots and then ran back to their corner of the corral. Jack knew it would take time to become friends with the two horses. He went whistling back to the ranch-house.

Diane Smith,  
Grade VII.

### HORACE

Horace was a gay little fellow who lived under the third rock at the left of the flower bed. Horace was a chubby, red spotted beetle. He always had something other than work on his mind. Horace was the lazy type, lying around in his luxurious bedroom, and by luxurious I mean what he thought was wonderful "Home Sweet Home!" Horace was very bored with life, as most beetles are. So he decided he would take a summer vacation.

A week later Horace had it all planned. He packed what he would need in the next month or so and locked up his house. He was looking forward to this trip. He left early Monday morning. It was a long way to the next rock but he managed to arrive there by evening. He had a



hearty dinner consisting of five grains of earth and two grains of sand. With this he slept all night long.

By the end of the week, Horace was no farther than the back door, and by next Thursday he was arriving at the front door, only to complete half of his journey. Completely exhausted he decided to spend a few days under the door steps. Finally it came upon him that he was to journey further if he wished to be home by fall. Horace planned to be home in three weeks. But what happened? Horace lost his road map! What would he do? He couldn't stay here, under the steps very long, so he continued on his merry way.

Not until three beetle days and five beetle hours had passed, did Horace come upon a quaint little building, and before he knew it, some tall,

slender beetles (whom Horace thought very rude) came up to him and asked to check all baggage and belongings. He later discovered that this was the customs and he was across the "Johnson-Eastman" border and by Johnson-Eastman I mean that he had crossed from Johnsons' front yard to Eastmans' front yard. Of all the places to wander to. He had no more than seven beetle dollars in his hip pocket and that was just enough to take him home.

He climbed up on to the "Beetle Bus Lines" bus and was home in no time flat. Horace remembered that he had left his house key under the shortest piece of grass by his house. But what had happened? Of course! The grass had grown considerably since he left. After searching in vain, he came across the key, opened the door as fast as his little hands could open it, and entered. Relaxing for the first time in two months, Horace enjoyed every second of every minute of every hour of it. And as Horace repeated time after time for the next week, "There's no place like home!"

Gail Brooking,  
Grade IX.

### FORESTRY FILMS

On Monday, February 25, the Canadian Forestry Association showed the Senior School three films. The first of these was "Birth of the Soil," an interesting and informative film on how top soil is produced from basic raw materials of rock, water, air and sunlight. The second film "Water is Life" showed the work of Ducks Unlimited in helping to restore and maintain the water resources of the west. The third film "Your Forest Heritage" was of great scenic beauty and showed the grandeur of Canada's forests. This enjoyable afternoon's entertainment was greatly appreciated by Grades Seven to Twelve.

Pat Riley and Ada Rice.

### POETRY

Poetry  
Will be the death of me,  
Rhymes and rhythms  
Full of witticisms.  
Dactyl, anapest  
Use iambic  
It's the best.  
Yeats and Shelley?  
Give me bread and jelly.  
After these lines  
From a radical like me  
I know you are wondering  
Is *this* poetry?

Pat Riley,  
Grade XI.



### THE DROUGHT

The shabby little house stood alone in the field on dry, cracked mud. Inside, the room was sultry and heavy with food odours. The two people sat on hard wooden chairs saying nothing. Their faces were lined with worry and their eyes protected by lids which were raw and red. Gus' eyes were dark brown and there was a hint of brown pigment in his eyeballs. His upper lip was long and since his teeth protruded, the lips stretched to cover them. The woman had a drawn face which was white and unblemished. Her lips were thin and pulled tightly together. She was thin and her hair which was pulled severely back in a bun, gave her a hard look which was revealing.

The two sat a long time in silence. Suddenly a gust of wind caught a loose shutter and banged it loudly against the side of the cottage. They both jumped nervously and the woman muttered under her breath. Finally Gus rose and began pacing restlessly back and forth while Dora turned slightly in her chair and gazed at the man with sympathetic eyes. Gus and Dora six months earlier had been carefree, but the six months had brought tragedy. They waited patiently, praying for rain which didn't come. Dust had covered their crops, house, and barn and lay settled on the shelves and floors inside.

When they awoke early the next morning, two small dark clouds were moving eastward. Hope filled their minds. Rain at last! But the two clouds gradually disappeared from sight.

Eventually rain came and the dried corn began growing and turning green. So happy were the couple that tears filled their eyes and their hearts swelled with joy and gratitude. Soon the gloomy little house was painted and the little teapot in the cupboard filled rapidly with money. Life was wonderful. A month later the farmer became a father. He had longed for a son and his wish was fulfilled. Gus spent many days working hard in the fields and hurried home at sunset to fondle his son. Late one evening before a rain, Gus grabbed his overcoat and hurried out to the pasture to take his cows to the barn in case of a storm. The wind was cold and strong and he pulled his collar up higher to protect his face. Lightning lit up the sky. He stumbled forward towards the pasture. As he passed the giant oak tree, lightning hit the topmost branch and it fell to the ground crushing the man beneath it. The wind ceased and a gentle rain fell on the fields.

Diana Nanton,  
Grade XI.

### GOOD-BYE

Good-byes may be such sad, sad things,  
But then they may be gay.  
Just think of the day when Great Aunt Sue  
Packed up and went away.  
Is it not true you all were glad  
To see the old "dear" go?  
But how could you help but feel that way  
When she always nagged you so?  
"Your hands are dirty, your hair's not combed,  
You always are a mess.  
Why don't you help your mother more,  
And think of yourself less?  
Of course these things are never true.  
You are as good as gold.  
You always act as children should,  
And do what you are told.  
So how could you help but smile with glee  
As the train moves down the track.  
And you live in horror of the day  
When, of course, she will come back.

Frances Macfarland,  
Grade XI.

### HALLOWE'EN

While the rest of Winnipeg's youth raged about the streets on their annual errands of devilment, the Boarders of Balmoral Hall were also enjoying Hallowe'en to the full. The party held in the gymnasium was attended by an energetic swarm of merrymakers, including a Fiji Islander adorned by bones preserved from dinner (spareribs), — a pair of grimy Mexicans, some Hula dancers, a paper boy, a Wee Willie Winkie, and two phony saints. Following the costume judging, several new, original games were played, as well as the old favourite of ducking for apples. The evening was made complete with ice cream, cakes and soft drinks.

Ann Jennings,  
Grade XI.

PUPIL: We're taking this terrific book in English this year — Man in the Arms.

TEACHER: English in Action today girls!  
English in Action!

PUPIL: Doesn't look very active to me.

### THE WONDERFUL DREAM

My greatest love is my gun. Father said when you arrived at the age of sixteen, it was time to use a gun to advantage. I had learned to shoot when I was eight and ever since I had been a constant companion of my gun. I had shot in two matches at the fair and won both times. Now my greatest wish was going to be fulfilled! I was going on a hunting trip—a whole week in the wilderness of North Africa. Tomorrow we would start. I went to bed early that night and fell asleep immediately.

I woke up early. Mother packed us a lunch. We picked up Wana our guide and my Uncle Ben, loaded in our guns and equipment and were off. I don't think I had ever been excited before or after as much as I was on that trip.

After many hot and dusty days, we reached our destination. To my eyes it was very beautiful—a real hunter's camping place. To my father's eyes it was the usual dusty, dirty plot beside a murky-looking stream. It was surrounded by wonderful trees. They were huge, tall ones with giant green leaves, and the inevitable monkeys. I thought they were wonderful creatures—the naughty brown mites with their large, frightened green eyes.

That night I didn't sleep a wink, for I was too busy listening to the mysterious jungle noises.

In the morning we started out and I suddenly heard a noise. When I turned around, I was facing an enraged tiger and when I felt for my gun, I found that I had lost it. He crouched and leaped at me and I slapped him on the nose. He turned away and I ran after him. He turned towards me again and struck at me. I hit him with a club and he dropped down dead. I took him by the leg and dragged him back to the camp. My father was very pleased and I was terribly proud. That night I heard a movement outside our tent. I was scared at first but then I became more brave. I lifted my gun and shot at the noise through the tent wall. I heard a thud. Then I woke my father and we went outside. Lying right beside the edge of my tent was the most ugly looking wild boar I had ever seen and he had a bullet through his head. I had saved our lives!

The next day we all went out. It was a beautiful day and the air wasn't very hot so we walked for miles. All of a sudden we came upon a piece of bushy green growth and we started to walk through it. It looked as if it had just come from a picture. I gazed up at the sky and to my horror saw a king cobra snake coiling softly down from a moss-covered tree right over my father's head. I shouted to my father to stand still and then I raised my gun and fired. The snake writhed and crept before death set in. I then realized

that this time I had saved my father. I was a hero and our guides paid more attention to me from that point on.

We hunted for a few more days and by the time we were about to start home, I had many more prizes. I was very happy.

"Tommy, wake up! It's time to start on your trip."

It was my mother. I had been dreaming! I hadn't been on my hunting trip at all. Now I was really leaving. I hope that my real trip will be just as successful as my dream.

Susan Moore,  
Grade VIII.

### THE SLAUGHTER

Cattle in a deep pit waiting  
Restless  
Knowing and yet not knowing  
What is to happen.  
A mass of surging creatures  
Creatures of God's being.  
The crack of rifles breaks the silence  
The heavy silence  
The long, long silence.  
One by one each staggers, falls heavily.  
The pit is full—but of lifeless matter  
No movement now in the masses.  
The prairie breeze increases—  
Carries with it the sweet, sickly scent  
Of death  
The pit is refilled, new ones are dug  
Workmen herd new numbers in—  
The slaughter continues.

Jane Gladstone,  
Grade XI.

Winner of the Senior Poetry Competition

### OUR MEMORIAL GARDEN

In memory of "Nanny" who looked after the four daughters of Mr. Harold Aikins, a memorial garden has been created. It was on these grounds that Nanny looked after and played with these four girls and so it is a happy thought that they have remembered her in this lovely way. There is a bird bath in the centre around which have been planted shrubs and plants which in time will grow and bloom.

The bird bath has been put in a spot that is sheltered on three sides from the wind but not from the sun, and it is indeed a pleasant place to sit and relax for a few minutes.

We look forward to the time when the birds will make it their meeting place as well.

Joan Sheppard  
Grade XI.





## SCHOOL LIFE

1. Cuid Capers.
2. Recess.
3. How high the snow.
4. A winning smile.
5. On your mark.
6. Time to retire.

7. Mona Lisa.
8. Nory Ann.
9. When the bow breaks . . .
10. La Verendrye and pack sack.
11. Waitin' for the prefects.

12. Where do we go from here.
13. Next attraction starting Friday . . .
14. The Grade IX chorus line.
15. Slamese twins.

16. Posing.
17. Pongo and Mistress.
18. Destination: To the slide.
19. Hi!!
20. Which twin has the Toni.
21. The Greatest Show on Earth!

# GRADE XI CLASS NOTES

Nome	Noted for	Favourite Pastime	Ideo of Misery	Pet Expression	Ambition	Probable Destiny
J. Adamson.	that Adamson candour.	censored.	curling her hair.	"Hallelujah."	to be o nurse.	tuning Rubenstein's piano.
J. Carr.	collecting blue balloons.	changing desks.	boarding.	"C'mon you kids!"	to see the Bombers win the Grey Cup.	House-mother.
L. Craig.	that bleaching bottle.	watching basketball games.	school on Friday.	"Never!"	Fashion co-ordinator.	Hair dresser.
C. Feinstein.	previewing movies.	singing.	studying for exams.	"Excuse me Miss Boreham."	to travel.	Selling paint brushes.
J. Gladstone.	"The Mouse."	eating oranges.	Typhoid shots.	"That's o roar."	to buy o \$5 cake of soap.	Editing French texts.
R. Gonick.	declaring her own holidays.	eating.	chemistry.	"That's for sure."	to travel.	Chem. prof.
C. Gustafson.	bathing with pyjamas on.	writing letters to New Jersey.	getting up at 7.00 a.m.	"It's in the book."	to travel.	Raising rabbits.
D. Hanson.	that signet ring.	leafing through Vogue.	not being able to laugh.	"Sweet, just sweet."	to be o window dresser.	Window cleaner.
I. Huehn	the way she ties her shoe laces.	composing new reducing diets.	hearing criticisms of country life.	"Just darrrrring."	to live in the "Louvre."	Drawing cartoons for Al Capp.



A. Jennings.	those escapades.	remodeling portraits in History books.	egg plant.	"What a rat race!"	to be a ballet dancer.	Scrubbing stage floors.
G. Macdonald.	that laugh.	making remarks.	being a genius.	"By George!"	to create a new language.	Watering the Heffalumps.
F. Macfarland.	her connections in foreign lands.	snaring volunteers for the Red Cross.	having J. Jennings for the week-end.	"Just tremendous."	to be an opera star.	Teaching Sunday School in East Africa.
J. Malaher.	being the class midget.	sleeping.	not being able to get a Geometry question.	"Joan who?"	to be a nurse.	Devising a Malaher Method for higher mathematics.
D. Nanton.	her Saturdays nights in Montreal.	listening to George Shearing.	mononucleosis.	"Reek ! ! "	to live in Montreal.	Winnipeg!
B. M. Ormiston	her football voice.	political arguments.	Latin.	"What a future."	to be a nurse.	Watering flowers.
J. Park.	her canary whistle.	ironing B. M.'s blouses.	School.	"If you know what I mean."	to be a private secretary in the U.S.	Driving a Plymouth.
J. Patton.	dissecting frogs.	conversing with Ricky on Sat. nights.	eating breakfast.	"Absolutely hammy."	to go to Russia to see Joe.	Heaven only knows.
A. Rice.	that black eye.	dieting.	"lumbago."	"Oh, go on"	to be a teacher.	School janitor.
P. Riley.	that pony tail.	driving the car.	Poetry.	"So vat could I do?"	to play badminton in Regina.	Taxi driver.
J. Sheppard.	reading six books a week.	swimming.	being in a stuffy room.	"Which Joan?"	to travel.	Driving a Portage street car.
B. M. Townsend.	"olives and avocados."	sending parcels to Saskatoon.	bells.	"You jus' don't look right."	to pass algebra.	Chief cook and bottle washer.
C. Young.	peanut butter sandwiches.	ringing bells ? ?	Trish's jokes.	"Sort of . . ."	to play tennis in England.	Drinking tea and eating crumpets.

### RED HOUSE NOTES

This year the Red House accommodates the majority of the boarders. For this and many other reasons, we the inhabitants think of it as the best. Perhaps we should take you on a tour of our house and introduce you to our girls. Then you may draw your own conclusions.

As we approach the first room on the second floor, we are greeted by the booming voices of Mary Tuckwell of Winnipeg, Lynne Cousens also of Winnipeg, Greta Lynne Cornell of Emo, Ontario and Nancy Ann Green of Fort Frances, Ontario. If you ever want a room in which to relax, this is one place not to come.

In the next room we find pictures of movie stars and relics from the jungle. Here we meet Elizabeth Echols of British Guiana, Maureen Ford of Chesterfield Inlet on the Hudson Bay, and Sally Blanchard from that western city of Calgary, Alberta. This trio is noted for rising in the wee small hours of the morning.

Across the hall we find the youngest of our boarders, Katherine Kaufmann of Winnipeg, and her room mate Anita Urquhart.

In the room next to Katherine, we find Mrs. Little who, with her happy smile and friendly voice cheers everyone on her way.

After we pass this room we go up to the third floor. On this floor we find the seniors. In the first room we find Ann Jennings of Calgary. Because she did not have a radio she spent almost every evening setting her hair and listening to "murder mysteries" in other rooms.

Beside Ann's room we find Miss Arnold from Portage la Prairie. Without Miss Arnold our Red House parties would have been "flops."

Across the hall live Bettie Mae Townsend from Tisdale, Saskatchewan and Carla Gustafson from Minaki, Ontario. If it were not for these two with their witty jokes and carefree smiles, our top floor would be rather dull. Beside this room we find the last one inhabited by Jane Park of Nestor Falls and Ada Rice of Portage la Prairie and noted for its candlelight.

Last but not least, we would now like you to meet Mrs. Elliot, our House Mother who lives on the second floor. Although she claims her room is like "Grand Central Station" with all of us running in and out she never seems to mind very much. If it were not for Mrs. Elliot, to whom we all run with our difficulties, we would certainly have a very difficult time.

Jane Park and Ada Rice.

Miss SHEPLY: Congratulations Ann. This is the earliest you've ever been late!

### WHITE HOUSE NOTES

Excitement reigned high in the White House, when on a peaceful Sunday evening a star boarder rushed indoors crying, "I've been shot." She and another girl had been walking in the garden when they were suddenly fired upon by a youthful trespasser, and our friend was wounded in the arm. Having finally convinced the Staff that she was not fooling she became the centre of the evening's drama. Police were called, the boy caught, witnesses examined and the evidence—one blazer, one gun, one grazed arm—produced.

Apart from this event the year was not completely dull. Although Miss Murrell-Wright was downstairs, and Miss McMillan, Miss Sharman and Miss Boreham were upstairs we still were not perfect. The odd feast was held, the bunk collapsed once or twice and a few girls received detentions!

This term in the White House, we are a happy family of eight boarders. In the far room, Room 11, blest with the fire-escape and the lighted cupboard live a happy hoard of 9:31 p.m. teeth brushers and 10:30 p.m. gigglers. All of them have a passion for fresh air and late sleeping except Carol who rises with the bell in order to study the latest racing, (bloodhorse) form and to braid her hair.

We now enter Room 1 which reminds us, among other things, of a vocational school for bakers, gymnasts, artists and hairdressers, (the famous poodle cutter); they also specialize in the correct way to listen to a hockey game at 10:15 p.m. in the dark, how to sleep two in a single bed comfortably, and excel in the art of squeezing four, six-foot people into a three-foot bathtub. (Perhaps we should add plumbing, eh, Miss Boreham?)

In closing we would like to say thank-you to Miss McMillan and all the Staff who put up with our Saturday morning noises, dripping taps, blaring record player and attempts at piano playing, yet still endure and help us.

Sylvia Pierce.

### VOCATIONAL LECTURE

On the afternoon of Thursday, November 15th, Grades IX, X, and XI heard a very interesting lecture, given by Miss Bowman. She spoke about the opportunities which are open for girls today in Christian education—social work, nursing, teaching, mission work, and all types of church work. Miss Bowman discussed the different vocations and told us what preparation was required for each position. At the end of the lecture, Miss Bowman answered questions asked by the girls.

Judy Patton,  
Grade XI.





OUR JUNIORS

#### MY BIRD

I have a bird that likes to fly. He flies around and makes lots of friends. He goes to sleep in his little bird house that is in the garden. I like to watch him play. His colour is red and brown.

Carolyn Marshall,  
Grade I.

#### MY PUP

I have a dear little baby pup. It tears everything. I have the mother dog too. My puppy eats paper and likes to get the dusting cloth. She likes all sorts of things to chew.

She likes to play with our cat but he doesn't like to play at all. She loves to pull his tail and chase him down the stairs. I don't know what to do with her when she is so naughty.

She is very rough, but sometimes she gets quiet and then she is nice.

Rosemary Hanna,  
Grade II.

#### MY DOLL

I have a doll. I like my doll and I put her to bed. She can say mother. One day I was playing with her and mother called me to dinner. I ate my dinner and went up and played with my doll. Mother said, "It is time to go to bed."

I did go to bed but I asked mother if I could play with my doll in bed. "No," said mother, "it is eight o'clock."

In the morning it was school. I got dressed and dressed my doll. She did not want to get

dressed so I put her to bed and went off to school myself.

Nora Baker,  
Grade I.

#### EASTER

Easter is a lot of fun. We can find Easter eggs. They are red and blue. We like to eat the eggs. I gave my red one away. I ate my blue egg. I like my eggs.

Bliss Trafton,  
Grade I.

#### SNOW FLAKES

Snow flakes fall on Christmas Day  
Make us all so bright and gay  
Come and sing a song to me  
And dance around the Christmas tree.

Nancy Eaton,  
Grade III.

#### MY DOG PRINCE

I had a little dog,  
That loved to eat.  
He was a nice dog  
And he had little feet.

He can do tricks,  
And say bow-wow.  
But to stand on his head,  
He doesn't know how.

Shonagh Smith  
Grade II.

### THE USEFUL ELF

Once upon a time not long ago, there was a little girl. Her name was Kathy and she was not quite seven years old. She lived in the United States out in the country near a little town. One day, her mother told her to do the breakfast and dinner dishes from the day before. But Kathy did not want to do the dishes. She wanted to go out and play with the other children. After a while she had called on most of the children to come out and play, but they couldn't because they were helping their mothers to work and clean the house. Kathy then went out into her garden and stood beside a big toadstool.

Then a little door opened in the toadstool and out came a tiny little elf. The elf said, "What are you crying for, Kathy?"

And Kathy said, "Because I have nobody to play with and I want to play."

"I will easily fix that," said the elf, laughing to himself.

"How?" said Kathy in amazement, but the elf was not in front of Kathy any more. He had gone and so had Kathy. Kathy was shooting over the sky like a shooting star. Kathy was now in a new land with everybody playing. They were playing skipping, jump the frog, going in trains, running under bridges and doing everything that you could wish for. When Kathy landed in Play Land, she stood there for a moment to watch all the girls and boys at play. A boy then jumped out from behind a tree and said, "You're it for hide and go seek." He was Kathy's playmate. After Kathy had played for a long time, she got so tired that she could not stand up any longer. She then went and lay down beside a tree, and went to sleep. In this tree there were six little elves and also the one that had brought Kathy to Play Land. His name was Toddy-Bear. All the elves came out with big red and green feathers to tickle Kathy and to tell her to get up and play. For you could never stop playing in Play Land.

All the elves said, "Kathy, get up, get up, or we must take you back home where you must work all the time and never play very much."

"Oh! Dear," said Kathy. "Oh! I will get up, Toddy-Bear and the rest of you elves. You have been so kind to me, and I will do everything you want me to do." She was half awake and half asleep. This little elf Toddy-Bear had told her she could have three wishes and all of them would come true. After a while Kathy again became so tired of playing that she wished herself home helping her mother. The moment she thought this, she was in her own garden beside the very same toadstool which was Toddy-Bear's home. Kathy ran into the house and started to do the dishes for her mother. When her mother came up from doing the washing of the clothes,

Kathy was doing the dishes. Her mother said, "You are a good little girl, Kathy. I think I will let you go out and play for a while."

Kathy said, "No, mother, I have had enough of playing, thank you."

Marilyn Gair,  
Grade VI.

### OUR CONCERT

One Wednesday afternoon Grade Two put on a concert in their classroom. We invited our mothers and fathers and Miss Murrell-Wright.

There were plays and songs and everything you could think of. The plays were Rumpelstiltskin and The Old Woman in the Shoe.

We sang Rudolph the Red nosed Reindeer and Cock-a-doodle-doo. We read a story called Johnny Cake.

Oh you should have seen it because we were all dressed up for the plays. We had lots of fun acting out the parts of the play and singing and everything.

Everyone clapped until their hands were sore and wished we would soon have another concert.

Shonagh Smith,  
Grade II.

### EVENING

The sky is turning crimson  
For the sun is going down,  
The stream has stopped its rippling noise,  
The leaves are turning brown.  
The flowers nod their sleepy heads,  
The birds go to their nest,  
The sun has sunk behind a cloud  
The world is going to rest.  
Out come the twinkling stars,  
You couldn't hear a peep,  
The moon was shining brightly,  
The world is now asleep.

Judith Bonnycastle,  
Grade VI.

### THE FAIRY HUT

Over the colourful rainbow,  
I saw a little hut,  
In it was a fairy,  
Whose clothes were of nut.  
I knocked at the door,  
To see if she was home;  
She answered the door,  
Then turned into a gnome.  
She asked me to come in,  
To have a tiny cup of tea;  
I said that I would,  
For her house I wished to see.

Joanne Wilson,  
Grade VI.



### MY DAY

At the break of day I awake and get dressed.  
Then I take the cover off my bird's cage and give  
them some food and water. Next I feed my cats  
some Red Top cat food, milk and water and  
then have my breakfast.

By now the cats Winky and Bronze are  
through eating so I play with them. They have  
a little green ball with a bell inside it and a cat  
scratch to play with. After that I change their  
sand box.

Now, I change the bird's cage. First I clean  
the bottom of it, then the pieces of glass that  
go all around the cage, by that time I'm tired out  
so I sit down and listen to the radio.

Now I have lunch and go out to play, soon it's  
dinner time. After dinner I go to bed with my  
cats, and that's the end of my day.

Shonagh Smith,  
Grade II.

### NONSENSE ABOUT THE SEA

The sea is small!  
The sea's not salt!  
The sea is often  
Just like malt!

And all the ships  
Upon the sea,  
Are never bigger than  
A pea.

In the sea there are  
No fish,  
Unless they're fried and  
In a dish.

The winds and gales  
They never blow  
So steam boat captains  
Have to row.

The sea is dry!  
The sea is dusty!  
If you agree —  
Then queer you must be!

Sharon Hoyle,  
Grade V.

Winner of the Junior Poetry Competition

October is here,  
Winter is near.  
The leaves turn brown,  
Now the frost is in town.

Patricia McMahon,  
Grade II.

### HORSES

Large horses, small horses,  
Wild horses, tame;  
What ever kind they are,  
They all have a mane.  
Black horses, white horses,  
Grey horses, brown;  
Horses are frisky,  
So they all run around.  
Swift horses, slow horses,  
Weak horses, strong;  
There've always been horses  
To pull you along.

Sharon Hoyle,  
Grade V.

### GRADES I-VI MOVIES

On February 25th, Grades I-VI attended  
movies in the dining-room, presented by the  
Forestry Association of Canada. The first of the  
three movies was about our own province of  
Manitoba. It showed Winnipeg's busy streets and  
other famous places in Winnipeg. Another scene  
was Brandon's fair with all its entertainments.

Riding Mountain National Park was shown  
with its summer fun.

The next movie was "How to Make an Igloo."  
The Eskimos used snow-knives to cut the snow  
blocks into shape. They made the igloo from the  
inside.

The last film was about the Bronx Zoo. This  
Zoo is in New York. The animals were shown  
in alphabetical order. The movie was called  
Andy's Animal Alphabet. Andy was an orangu-  
tang. We enjoyed the films very much.

J. Bonnycastle and J. Wilson,  
Grade VI.

### FAIRYLAND

Over the fields and into the meadows,  
Through the woods and past the stream,  
Up over the mountains and into the valleys  
For little fairies, it is not a dream.

A little white house on the edge of the woods  
With a door knob the colour of sand,  
A pretty gold door knocker on a green door—  
For this little house is in fairyland.

Sandra Dick  
Grade VI.

I have two gold fish and I feed them every  
morning. Their names are Dick and Jane. They  
swim in their fish bowl.

Carolyn Marshall,  
Grade I.



OUR DOLL'S HOUSE

#### **SNOW**

Snow is falling all around,  
It floats softly to the ground,  
It whirls around the bush and tree,  
So that humans can hardly see.  
Snow is beautiful in the night,  
The moon gives such a brilliant light,  
Then the children come out to play  
They throw the snow every which way.

Diana Sheppard,  
Grade V.

#### **MY BIRD**

My bird had a bath on Saturday and his  
feathers stood up on his head and he was funny  
with them sticking up. He was really funny. He  
is a budgie and his name is Eddie. He can say,  
"Pretty boy."

Lynn Folliott,  
Grade I.

#### **THE ZOO**

Zoo, zoo, see the zoo,  
Lions, bears and tigers too.  
Monkeys, snakes, a funny bird,  
Elephants—upon my word!

Gloria Clarke,  
Grade IV.

#### **TIM**

I had a little bear and his name was Tim  
I put him in a rain-barrel to see if he could swim  
First he hit the bottom and then he hit the top  
And then when he came up again he looked  
just like a mop.

Wendy Bracken,  
Grade III.

#### **MY DOG**

I have a dog. I take him out for a walk with  
his chain around his neck. He pulls on his chain.

Sandra Vincent,  
Grade I.

#### **I LOVE HORSES**

I am learning how to ride a horse. When I  
am on the horse's back he trots. One day the  
horse ran away.

I went for a ride this morning. Once I fell  
off the horse's back. Yesterday we were breaking  
a colt. I am wishing I had a horse of my own.  
I could ride every day.

I like horses very much. I wish I could ride  
a horse to school. I could ride horses all day and  
all night. And I work in the barn too.

I have a horse called Red and a horse called  
Mary. I feed them grass and hay and corn.

Anne Sellers,  
Grade II.

## THE LITTLE ELF

Once there was a little elf. This little elf was not like other elves—oh, no! This little elf was always playing tricks. Usually the fairy queen forgave him, but one day when the little elf was flying around fairyland, he saw a little pixie who was muttering to himself. The little elf flew down and said, "Pixie, what were you saying?"

"Oh, never mind," said the pixie.

"Tell me, tell me please, pixie," said the elf.

"Well I don't really think I should," said the pixie.

"Oh, come on. Come on," said the elf.

"Well all right," said the pixie. "You see, if you want to become invisible, you just say—Hokus, pokus—Then you turn around three times and you are invisible." Now without thinking the little elf said—Hokus, pokus,—and turned around three times and became invisible. Then he looked at himself and said, "Pixie, how do I become visible again?"

"Dear, dear, I don't know the words to become visible again," said the pixie.

"Oh, you naughty pixie, see what you have done," shouted the elf. And with that he began to cry.

"Don't cry, little elf. Go to the palace and see the queen. She will be able to help you."

And so the elf flew away to the palace gates. He had no trouble getting into the palace grounds, for he was invisible. The little elf flew right into the fairy queen's room.

Now the fairy queen was not like other fairies. She could see fairies even if they were invisible. When the elf flew into her room, she saw him and said, "Little elf, what is the trouble?"

"Oh, fairy queen, I have become invisible and I don't know the words to become visible, and the pixie told me that you know the words," cried the elf.

"Oh, dear," said the fairy queen, "you see, I have forgotten the words to become visible, but I can tell you where to find them. The first word is under a toadstool on the edge of the woods. The second word is in a red rose in my sister's garden. The third is in the mouth of the smallest goldfish in the stream by the blue mountains."

The elf thanked the queen and hurried off to the edge of the woods to find the first word. When he got there, he looked under all the toadstools. Under the last toadstool he found a piece

of paper and on it the word—Higgelty. So the elf said "Higgelty," and his legs appeared. Then he hurried across fairyland to the garden of the queen's sister. He looked and looked until a bee said, "Here it is! Here it is." The little elf picked up the piece of paper and read the word—Piggelty. He said, "Piggelty" and his body and arms appeared.

Then he went to the stream by the blue mountains and saw a little fish. He asked, "Little fish, are you the smallest fish in the stream?"

"No, but my little brother is and he will be here soon," answered the fish. A little later the brother came along and the elf said, "Little fish, are you the smallest fish in the stream?"

"Yes," said the little fish.

"Well, do you have a piece of paper in your mouth that will make me visible again?" asked the elf.

"Yes, yes, I do. Now, just a minute." Then he gave a big cough and up flew a paper right into the elf's hand. On it was the word—Diggelty. So the little elf said, "Diggelty" and his head appeared. He was completely visible again.

"I'll never play tricks again—never, never," he sang as he flew away to his first task out of fairyland.

Sandra Dick,  
Grade VI.



Joey Smith



## Graduates

### JOEY ADAMSON

This year has been far from dull for Jo, our vivacious School Sports Captain. She is a member of the choir, of the volley ball team, and was an energetic director of the Grade XI play. Jo is also one of the better pianists among us, and how can we ever forget those impromptu accompaniments at Prayers?

### JUDY CARR

Prefect of Glen Gairn, Judy played on the School volley ball team and was an advertising manager for the magazine. She also played excellently a spiteful part in the Form play! In fact, this gal with the ready smile has taken part in nearly all our extra-curricular activities. Besides this Jude plays the piano, and one of her favourite accessories is a golf club.

### LORNA CRAIG

Our Eaton's Junior Fashion Council Rep' is also House Captain of Ballater. She is in the choir and Exchange Editor of the School magazine. Lorna is noted for her tricky volleyball serve, which has caused the members of many an opposing team to shudder! Next year, Lorna plans to study Interior Design at the "U. of M."

### CAROL FEINSTEIN

As a loyal supporter of Glen Gairn House, Carol has spent two good years at Balmoral Hall. She sings in the choir, and performed in the Grade X-South play. Carol hopes to continue with further study in Art.



### **JANE GLADSTONE**

"Glad" has spent a disgracefully slack year in doing nothing but being: House Captain of Craig Gowan, Editor of the School magazine, on the School volleyball team and a director of the class play. When we're scattered through different walks of life we will still remember her delightful essays, her "pet mole", and those unique positions which only a Gladstone body could twist itself into. Next year will find "Glad" at "U" for Arts.

### **RUTH GONICK**

Ruth has been taking a Commercial Course this year and we have turned to her whenever there was some typing to be done for the magazine. Last year Ruth was in the Grade Ten South play. She is a member of Braemar House. Next year she plans to continue her commercial course. Hope you have smooth-sailing, Ruth!

### **CARLA GUSTAFSON**

A petite boarder from Minaki, Ont. Carla is one of the quieter members of Grade XI — (which makes her normal in any other class!) Besides being secretary-treasurer of our class, Carla is a literary editor of the School magazine and a member of the choir. Her future plans include business college. Best of luck, Carla!

### **DAPHNE HANSON**

A pert blonde with a sunny disposition, Daphne is a member of the school choir and an Art editor for the magazine. She was also property manager for the Grade Eleven play. Daph takes part in all Glen Gairn's activities and can often be heard "egging" her fellow members on to victory! Daph plans to attend United College next year.





#### **INA HUEHN**

House Captain of Braemar. Ina was also a valuable member on the school volleyball team. It seems that nearly all of us have taken advantage of Ina's great artistic ability this year. She is Art editor for the magazine, painted "props" for the class play and even sketched a handsome picture for a poetry class! We are not surprised then, that Ina plans to further her study in Art.

#### **BETTY-MAY ORMISTON**

Betty-May amazes us all with her knowledge of local politics. And on the lighter side of it she has an excellent sense of humour: Betty-May is a member of the Choir. We were all extremely envious of that trip to Florida this winter that B.M. took "avec sa famille."

#### **JUDY PATTON**

Judy has been busy this year as president of Grade XI. She performed in the class play, and as a result has become a professional at crying! Jude was a spark on the School volley ball team and sings lustily in the choir. Her future plans include Arts at the University of Manitoba.

#### **JANE PARK**

Our red-head from Nestor Falls is Captain of Glen Gairn House. She sings in the School choir and has been a capable Business Manager of the magazine. Janie shatters all our conceptions of a red head's temperament as we have never seen her lose her temper (touch wood!) Her future plans include business college.

#### **ADA RICE**

Ada hails from Portage la Prairie. This year she has proved herself an able secretary of Craig Gowan, is in the choir and is an advertising manager for the magazine. Ada was a valuable addition to both the House and School volley ball teams. She is a pro' at handing out those witty remarks! Next year will find Ada at Normal School.



### **PAT RILEY**

"Trish" is a prefect of Braemar House and a great asset to the volleyball team. She provides Grade Eleven with many a laugh — (right Miss Hawkes?) In fact we're always prepared for a bit of Riley wit, but have given up trying to count the times our friend has said, "I'm never going to speak to my Father again." Trish is undecided about her future.

### **JOAN SHEPPARD**

Prefect of Craig Gowan. Joan is also a member of the choir and another Grade Eleven actress. She is known for having her head full of an extra special something! Joan's future plans are undecided, but whether or not they include sailing the Seven Seas, we wish her the best of luck.

### **BETTIE-MAE TOWNSEND**

Bettie-Mae is Grade XI's expert at "making up" our actresses on Play Night. She is a member of the magazine committee and has contributed much as Business Manager. B. M. is a member of the choir. As yet her future plans are undecided.

### **CATHY YOUNG**

Cathy, our Head Girl, is noted for carrying off that gym cup year after year. But perhaps she is even more famous for the time, way back in Grade VII, when she swallowed a goldfish on a dare. (we never let you forget it, do we Cath?) This year Cathy played on the volleyball team, sang in the choir, and was a star in our class play. Endowed with an excellent sense of humour. Cathy has a strong sense of responsibility, and is a loyal friend. We all wish her much success in the future.



## ALUMNAE NOTES

On behalf of the Alumnae Association I am happy to have this opportunity of greeting you and congratulating you on your achievements during the past two years. We have some idea of your problems, because they have been our problems, too, to a lesser degree, but every day the feeling of unity grows stronger and "Balmoral Hall" comes out quite easily when we talk of "our" school.

I wonder how many of you realize that the Alumnae Association will be forty years of age in 1953. It was formed in 1913 by the graduates of Havergal College and the first President was Mrs. W. H. Collum who continues to be one of our most faithful members. At the first Annual Meeting of Balmoral Hall Alumnae, held in October, 1951, Mrs. Collum presented our Archivist, Miss Marjorie Hoskin with a gold pin, surrounded by diamonds in the form of the Havergal College crest. This pin was given to her by the alumnae of that school at the time of her marriage in 1913. We were delighted to receive this most interesting and unusual memento of our early history for our archives and it was handed to Miss Murrell-Wright so that it might be kept at the School. We are in the unique position of being both young and middle-aged at the same time!

During the past year members of Riverbend Alumnae presented your school with a silver tray. This is an almost perfect match to the tea service which it now completes and will serve to per-

petuate a name dear to the hearts of many graduates.

At the Closing Exercises last year we had the pleasure of awarding three scholarships; the Balmoral Hall Alumnae Scholarship to Joan Davidson, the Havergal-Rupert's Land Scholarship to Joan Malaher; and the Eva L. Jones Scholarship in memory of Miss Jones, second headmistress of Rupert's Land, went to Pat Benham who is a daughter and grand-daughter of an Alumna. Our main efforts during the year go towards money for scholarships. Thus far we have limited ourselves to having a Silver Tea each year. Every one of them has been most successful financially and socially, but as we grow to know one another better we hope to branch out in other directions.

A few days before Closing the Executive and Advisory Board of your Alumnae entertained last year's graduates. We all had a good time and the occasion helped us to get to know the girls, and tell them something of our hopes for the future. I sincerely hope all this year's graduates will retain their connection with the School by joining our Association. You are proud to have been a pupil at Balmoral Hall, to have worn its uniform and shared its responsibilities. Won't you please continue to show your loyalty by joining with us to build a better school for those that follow after you.

Betty Kerr,  
President.

## BALMORAL HALL DIRECTORY

ABRA, DOUGLAS  
219 Yale Ave. - - - - 4-9539  
ADAMSON, JOEY  
727 South Drive - - - - 4-1390  
ALBERTSEN, LOUISE  
Homewood, Man.  
ALLMAN, GAIL  
236 Victoria Cres. - - - - 20-1558  
ANDERSON, JOAN  
824 Wellington Cres. - - - 42-3922  
ATKIN, ELIZABETH  
Union Point, Man.  
AUGER, TIM  
112 Harvard Ave. - - - - 42-4542  
BAKER, NORA  
1199 Wellington Cres. - - - 40-2744  
BATHGATE, JOAN  
69 Middlegate - - - - 72-4121  
BATHGATE, NANCY  
69 Middlegate - - - - 72-4121

BEARDSLEY, BLAKE  
157 Monck Ave. - - - - 42-2428  
BENHAM, PAT  
251 Oxford St. - - - - 40-1447  
BLANCHARD, SALLY  
738 - 13th Ave. W. Calgary, Alta.  
BONNYCASTLE, HONOR  
728 South Drive - - - - 4-1241  
BONNYCASTLE, JUDY  
728 South Drive - - - - 4-1241  
BRACKEN, DOUGLAS  
234 Oxford St. - - - - 40-2561  
BRACKEN, SUSAN  
234 Oxford St. - - - - 40-2561  
BRACKEN WENDY  
320 Yale Ave. - - - - 42-4382  
BROOKING, GAIL  
822 Dorchester Ave. - - - - 4-6182  
BRUMELL, ANN  
220 Hertford Blvd. - - - - 40-5872

- BURROWS, GAIL  
100 Hertford Blvd. - - - - 40-5581
- BUSBY, PATRICIA  
211 Hertford Blvd. - - - - 40-5951
- CARNEGIE, SUSAN  
201 Waterloo St. - - - - 40-3872
- CARR, JUDY  
203 Elm St. - - - - - 40-2264
- CARROLL, ANN  
165 Leighton Ave. - - - - 50-1606
- CLARK, PENNY  
351 Yale Ave. - - - - - 4-9492
- CLARKE, GLORIA  
196 Chestnut St. - - - - - 3-0063
- CONNACHER, ANN  
250 Dromore Ave. - - - - 4-6016
- COOPER, ELIZABETH  
252 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 4-4123
- COOPER, MARGARET  
252 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 4-4123
- CORNELL, GRETA LYNNE  
Emo, Ontario
- COUSENS, LYNNE  
989 McMillan Ave. - - - - 42-4410
- CRAIG, LORNA  
222 Oxford St. - - - - - 40-3623
- CROSS, CAROL  
Kenora, Ontario
- DAILLEY, RICHARD  
159 Middlegate - - - - - 72-2313
- DAVIDSON, JOAN  
472 Waverley St. - - - - 40-4783
- DICK, MARINA  
320 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 4-5507
- DICK, SANDRA  
320 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 4-5507
- DONEGANI, SHELAGH  
248 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 4-1921
- DUNCAN, DAWNA  
Norquay, Saskatchewan
- DUNCAN, DIANA  
Norquay, Saskatchewan
- DUNCANSON, DAPHNE  
241 Yale Ave. - - - - - 4-1318
- EATON, NANCY ANN  
1015 Wellington Cres. - - - 40-2835
- ECHOLS, ELIZABETH  
Georgetown, British Guiana
- EDMONDS, MURIEL  
Fort Whyte, Manitoba - - - 42-2351
- EDMONDSON, BURNIE JEAN  
205 Spence St. - - - - - 3-5112
- FEINSTEIN, CAROL  
357 Borebank St. - - - - - 40-3959
- FIELDS, CAROL ANNE  
265 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 4-4666
- FLOOD, SUZANNE  
119 Handsart Blvd. - - - - 40-5773
- FOLLIOTT, LYNN  
422 Montrose St. - - - - 40-3116
- FORD, MAUREEN  
Chesterfield Inlet, Churchill, Man.
- FRANKS, BETSY  
1991 Pembina Highway - - - 42-5072
- GAIR, MARILYN  
826 Somerset Ave. - - - - 4-9451
- GAWNE, JOAN  
603 Ash St. - - - - - 40-5448
- GLADSTONE, JANE  
289 Elm St. - - - - - 40-2754
- GONICK, RUTH  
75 Cordova St. - - - - - 40-3835
- GOSSLING, MAVIS  
49 Oak St. - - - - - 40-1441
- GRANT, KIT  
218 Wavell Ave. - - - - - 4-5035
- GREEN, NANCY ANN  
328 First Ave. Fort Frances, Ontario
- GRINDLEY, DIANE  
139 Girtton Blvd. - - - - 40-5633
- GUSTAFSON, CARLA  
Minaki, Ontario
- HANNA, ROSEMARY  
305 Kingston Cres. - - - - 20-4332
- HANSON, DAPHNE  
225 Hertford Blvd. - - - - 40-5233
- HANSON, JUDY  
225 Hertford Blvd. - - - - 40-5233
- HARRIS, BARBARA ANN  
125 Handsart Blvd. - - - - 40-5631
- HEAD, BEVERLEY  
692 Fisher Ave. - - - - - 4-5364
- HILTON, WENDY  
475 Lyndale Drive - - - - 42-5647
- HOARE, BERYL  
156 Sherburn St. - - - - - 3-6113
- HOARE, JACQUELINE  
156 Sherburn St. - - - - - 3-6113
- HOYLE, SHARON  
220 Wellington Cres. - - - 4-1561
- HUEHN, INA  
459 Churchill Drive - - - - 44-4362
- HUNT, MAUREEN  
151 Winnipeg Ave. Port Arthur, Ont.
- JENNINGS, ANN  
Calgary, Alberta
- JESSIMAN, DUNCAN  
357 Kingston Row - - - - 20-1276
- KAUFMANN, KATHERINE  
Balmoral Hall
- KELSEY, SHELAGH  
Ste. 23, Rochester Apts. - - - 93-4358
- KILGOUR, GEILLS  
237 Oxford St. - - - - - 40-3418
- LANDON, EIRENE  
182 Church Ave. - - - - - 59-4757



LEACH, LINDA	118 Handsart Blvd. - - - - 40-5801
LEMON, DAVID	131 Grenfell Blvd. - - - - 40-5543
LEYTON, JILL	423 Haney St., Varsity View, P.O. - - - - 6-4596
LYNDE, ROSEMARY	299 Cambridge St. - - - - 40-3162
MALAHAR, JOAN	328 Niagara St. - - - - 40-2817
MARSHALL, CAROLYN	53 Springside Drive - - - - 20-6154
MASSON, ROSLYN	214 Girton Blvd. - - - - 40-5781
MATHEWSON, DIANA	283 Yale Ave. - - - - 4-4600
MATHEWSON, JANE	283 Yale Ave. - - - - 4-4600
MILLER, ARROLL	379 Niagara St. - - - - 40-3811
MOODY, JANE	Lot 78, St. Norbert, Manitoba
MOORE, SUSAN	104 Girton Blvd. - - - - 40-5972
MURRAY, GLEN	Ste. 1-77 Wilmot Place - - - - 4-6876
MACAULAY, CAROL	1125 Wellington Cres. - - - - 40-2901
MACDONALD, GAIL	121 Yale Ave. - - - - 4-4232
MACFARLAND, FRANCES	335 Oxford St. - - - - 40-2953
MCDIARMID, JOY	1127 Grosvenor Ave. - - - - 4-4873
MCGUINNESS, COLLEEN	734 Sherburn St. - - - - 3-9611
MCLEOD, CAROLE	102 Carpathia Cres. - - - - 40-5249
MCLEAN, GAYLE	University of Manitoba - - - - 4-7913
MCMAHON, PATRICIA	R.R. No. 1, Headingly, Man. 499-4314
MCNAUGHTON, DIANE	256 Waverley - - - - 40-3143
MCPHAIL, BETTY LOU	188 Kenaston Blvd. - - - - 40-1833
MCPHAIL, DIANE	188 Kenaston Blvd. - - - - 40-1833
NANTON, DIANA	207 Oxford St. - - - - 40-1420
NASH, OURANIA	230 Sherburn St. - - - - 3-4841
NEAL, PEGGY	753 South Drive - - - - 4-9256
NIXON, CAROL	205 Girton Blvd. - - - - 40-5632
NORTHOTT, GAYLE	317 Kingston Row - - - - 20-1081
ORMISTON, BETTY MAY	Lot 102, Birds' Hill Road - 59-9902
PADDON, LINDA	28 Roslyn Road - - - - 4-1013
PALK, ALIX	1015 McMillan Ave. - - - - 44-4401
PARK, JANE	Nestor Falls, Ontario
PATTON, JUDY	220 Handsart Blvd. - - - - 40-5532
PERRIN, PITSY	187 Cambridge St. - - - - 40-3221
PHIPPS, DIANA	56 Queenston St. - - - - 40-4761
PIERCE, SYLVIA	Peace River, Alberta
PROTHEROE, ELAINE	1481 Wellington Cres. - - - - 40-3927
REILLY, SHEILA	114 Balmoral Place - - - - 3-1619
RICE, ADA	R.R. 2, Box 24, Portage la Prairie
RICHARDS, NORA ANNE	139 Harvard Ave. - - - - 4-1993
RICHARDSON, DOROTHY	89 Eastgate - - - - 72-2684
RILEY, EVELYN	330 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 42-5162
RILEY, PATRICIA	104 Grenfell Blvd. - - - - 40-5833
ROBERTSON, ROBERTA	108 Grenfell Blvd. - - - - 40-5771
ROBLIN, CITA	233 Wellington Cres. - - - - 42-6890
ROSS, MARY	205 Grenfell Blvd. - - - - 40-5623
RUDD, ONALEE	299 Waverley St. - - - - 40-2168
SAVAGE, JANE	745 Somerset Ave. - - - - 4-5804
SCHLINGERMAN, PAUL	880 Wellington Cres. - - - - 40-2270
SCHMERCHANSKI, JOAN	102 Handsart Blvd. - - - - 40-5553
SELLERS, ANNE	Lot 43, Roblin Blvd. - - - - 6-2753
SELLERS, JOAN	Lot 43, Roblin Blvd. - - - - 6-2753
SERVICE, SANDRA JEAN	111 Royal St. - - - - 4-9385
SERVICE, SHARON	111 Royal St. - - - - 4-9385
SIDGWICK, BARBARA	Ste. 1, Laurence Apts. - - - - 3-3728
SHEPPARD, DIANA	37 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 4-7479
SHEPPARD, JOAN	37 Kingsway Ave. - - - - 4-7479

SMITH, DAPHNE	123 Grenfell Blvd. - - - - 40-5291	TUCKWELL, MARY	164 Harvard Ave. - - - - 4-4851
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### *Gifts to the School*

Among the gifts we have received this year and for which we are very grateful are the following: a Plaque bearing the Royal Coat of Arms; a Facsimile of the Accession of Queen Elizabeth II; a Bird Bath for a special Memorial Garden; a Set of Canadian History Books—and several other lovely books for the library; a Cheque for \$85.00 to cover reconditioning of our record player; a Doll's House of tremendous proportion—pictured elsewhere in the magazine, and a Silver Tray to complete our Silver Tea Service.

# BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

## CHRISTMAS TERM 1951

September 10	Boarders arrive.
September 11	Opening Prayers. Canon L. F. Wilmot. Presentation of Head Girl's Cords to Cathy Young.
September 12	Joey Adamson elected Sports Captain.
September 17	House Heads and Prefects announced.
September 18	First Meeting of the Brownie Pack.
September 21	Class Presidents announced.
September 27	First meeting of the Guide Company.
October 5	Special Thanksgiving Service. Prefects receive cords. Presentation of Gifts for Canada Save the Children Fund.
October 5-8	Thanksgiving Holiday Weekend.
October 9	Letter of Greeting sent to H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth.
October 10	School Prayers: Dr. H. A. Frame.
October 11	Track and Field Day Finals.
October 16	Royal Visit and Command Performance of The Winnipeg Ballet.
October 17	"Its Fun to Draw"—Grades VII and VIII visit C.B.W. Studio.
October 18	Student Symphony Concert at Auditorium — Grades VII, VIII, IX.
October 22	Autumn Meeting of Balmoral Hall Auxiliary
October 24	Annual Meeting of Alumnae Association.
October 26	Mile of Pennies for Red Feather Campaign.
October 26	Lecture and Film—"Tennis at Wimbledon"—Mrs. Swanwick.
October 31	School Prayers: Rt. Rev. R. T. Pierce. Hallowe'en Parties at School. Letter from Royal Train brings good wishes from H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth.
November 1	All Saints' Day: Commemoration Service at St. John's Cathedral.
November 9	Remembrance Day Service.
November 15	Vocational Guidance Lecture—Miss Leslie Bowman.
November 16-18	Boarders' Weekend.
November 21	School Prayers: Rev. W. G. Burch.

November 22	Bees at Balmoral.
November 26	Contest: Where I Buy My Clothes.
November 28	Grade II Concert.
November 30	Piano Recital: Miss Arnold's pupils.
December 3	House Volley Ball Finals won by Craig Gowan.
December 4	Christmas Gifts for Kamsack Indians and Point Douglas Mission.
December 6	First Issue of Balmoral Hall Briefs.
December 6	Christmas Examinations begin.
December 11	Brownie Enrolment.
December 14	Movie at School—Miracle on 34th Street.
December 16	Confirmation Service at St. Luke's Church.
December 17	Christmas Examinations end. Kindergarten party.
December 18	Christmas Party for Staff, Prefects and Boarders.
December 19	Christmas Carol Service: Rev. A. R. Huband, Rev. W. G. Burch School closes for Christmas Vacation.

## EASTER TERM 1952

January 8	Boarders return and Pongo.
January 9	School re-opens. Crests are issued for the first time.
January 11	School Games Meeting.
January 15	Grade XI to Sugar Beet Factory.
January 16	School Prayers: Rev. Wm. Davis.
January 16	Balmoral Hall Auxiliary Coffee Party.
January 17	Speed Skating Races. Guide Enrolment.
January 30	School Prayers: Rev F. R. Gartrell. Fledermaus for the Boarders.
February 1	Guide Tally-Ho.
February 6	Ballater House Tally-Ho.
February 8	Accession of H.M. Queen Elizabeth.
February 11	Boarders to Celebrity Concert: Clifford Curzon'
February 13	School Prayers: Rev. G. R. Service.
February 14	Memorial Service for H.M. King George VI. Boarders' Weekend.
February 15	Service at St. Luke's—Day of King's Funeral.



February 16 Valentine Dance—Cupid's Capers.  
 February 20 Ping Pong Finals.  
 February 22 Movie at School—The Bells of St. Mary's.  
 February 24 Boarders visit Art Gallery. Guides' Thinking and Memorial Day Service at Auditorium.  
 February 25 Canadian Forestry Films.  
 February 26 Visit from Dr. and Mrs. Dobson of Alma College.  
 February 27 Ash Wednesday — Rev. Hugh Percy at Prayers. Boarders to the Winnipeg Ballet.  
 March 5 School Prayers: Rev. J. Mathieson. Second Issue of Balmoral Hall Briefs.  
 March 6 Form Plays—Grade VII: The Princess and the Woodcutter. Grade VIII: Twice is Too Much. Grade IX: The Crimson Coconut. Grade X: The Bathroom Door. Grade XI: The Miracle at Blaise.  
 March 8 Boarders to The Gondoliers.  
 March 11 Boarders to The Tales of Hoffman.  
 March 12 Film — Swedish Gymnastics — Senior School.  
 March 14 Final Plays—Grades IX, X, XI.  
 March 17 Chest X-Rays.  
 March 18 Minneapolis Symphony Concert —Grades VI, VII, VIII, IX.  
 March 21 Red Cross Mile of Pennies won by Ballater.

March 22 Mrs. Metcalf spoke to Grades V and VI about Junior Red Cross.  
 March 26 Easter Examinations begin.  
 March 27 Guide Expedition to Canada Bread Company.  
 April 2 Annual Meeting of Balmoral Hall Auxiliary.  
 April 3 Grade IX to Canada Bread Company.  
 April 4 Easter Examinations end. Closing Prayers at noon.

#### SUMMER TERM, 1952

April 16 Boarders Return.  
 April 17 School re-opens.  
 April 19 Alumnae Silver Tea.  
 April 30 Miss M. Low from Kirkby Stephen, Westmorland, visited Balmoral Hall.  
 May 2-3 Piano Recital and Demonstration of Dancing and Gymnastics.  
 May 7 Balmoral Hall served at Westminster Tea.  
 May 23-25 Boarders' Weekend.  
 May 28 Lilac Mission Tea and Fashion Show.  
 June 1 Closing Service at St. Luke's Church.  
 June 7 Graduates' Luncheon at the St. Charles' Country Club.  
 June 13 Closing Exercises at Westminster Church and Garden Party at the School.  
 Graduation Dance in the evening at the School.

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